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**VOYAGING TO CHINA  
IN 1855 AND 1904**

*Books by Veronica and Paul King:*

ANGLO-CHINESE SKETCHES

EURASIA

THE CHARTERED JUNK

PROBLEMS OF MODERN AMERICAN CRIME

THE RAVEN ON THE SKYSCRAPER

UNDER THE EAGLE'S FEATHERS

THEODORA'S STOLEN FAMILY

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LOOKING INWARDS

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A TREATISE IN CHINESE ON WESTERN PHYSICAL CULTURE

IN A CHINESE MIRROR

THE CHINESE POST OFFICE

IN THE CHINESE CUSTOMS SERVICE

WEIGHED IN CHINA'S BALANCE







CUNARD WHITE STAR R.M.S. QUEEN MARY

*By kind permission of the Owners.*

*Frontispiece.*

# VOYAGING TO CHINA IN 1855 AND 1904

A CONTRAST IN TRAVEL

EDITED BY

PAUL KING

Commissioner of Chinese Customs (retired)

“Seas between us braid hae roared,  
Since Auld Lang Syne.”

HEATH CRANTON LIMITED

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## FOREWORD

IN preparing this little book I have had the kindest assistance in many quarters, and make my acknowledgments with sincere gratitude. The letterpress presented no difficulty at all, and needed only ordinary editing, but the matter of the illustrations was quite different. In the first place I am indebted to Mr. Malcolm V. Scott, Secretary of Lloyd's Registry of Shipping, for his kindness in examining their records and sending me the description of the small sailing ship that carried the diarist of 1855. Then I owe my thanks to the Blue Peter Publications Limited, for putting me on the track of the two necessary pictures, which with the help and skill of the Nautical Photo Agency I have managed to secure. They were able to reconstruct both the sailing ship of the Fifties and the "Atlantic Greyhound" of 1904 to make the contrast of the past visible, as mere words could not have succeeded in doing.

Coming to the present, I am indebted to the P. & O. Company for permission to use a photograph of their beautiful liner to the Far East, the s.s. *Strathmore*, whose leading features I describe in the end of this book. She is the most remarkable ship that ever steamed into Asiatic waters, and over there holds the record for speed, size and comfort. Roughly calculated, she is about forty

times the size of the tiny sailer who took four months to run from Gravesend to Shanghai—with other advantages in proportion. So we can do the sum.

Crossing the Atlantic has of course always been very different from the longer and more complicated voyage eastwards with its many ports, varied seas and harbours, together with questions of climate. The North Atlantic at least is practically the White Man's Ocean, and accordingly the earliest experiments in steam navigation were tried on its stormy waters by pioneers like Samuel Cunard who were looked upon as qualifying for a lunatic asylum. Mr. Cunard came straight up against all the accepted opinion of the experts of his time when he actually thought that steamers over a route of thousands of miles might start and arrive at their destinations with the punctuality of railway trains. In a most interesting letter to *The Times* the Hon. Mrs. Claud Corfield, daughter of the first Baron Inverclyde, Chairman of the Cunard Steamship Company, tells us that a certain Dr. Lardner lecturing on the subject at Liverpool in 1835 remarked forcibly that as to the project announced in the newspapers of making a voyage directly from New York to Liverpool, he had no hesitation in saying it was "perfectly chimerical," and that they might as well talk of making a voyage from New York or Liverpool to the moon.

To cap this, the chief naval architect at one of our dockyards said in the same year: "Don't talk to me about iron ships, it's contrary to nature." With the English in this obstructive mood (which was regarded as mere common sense), Samuel Cunard went to Glasgow to try the Scottish, and had the good luck to be introduced

to George Burns (afterwards Sir George), Mrs. Corfield's grandfather, who managed to get the necessary capital subscribed and the "chimerical project" started. Thus it came about that Saint Andrew and not Saint George was the patron saint of the enterprise, and in compliment to the help from Mr. Burns and Scotland, as we read in *Shipping Wonders of the World*, Cunard adopted for his house flag a narrow white-saltired blue pennant over a narrow red one, and flew it from 1840 to 1880 over all Cunard liners.

Sir George Burns and Mr. Cunard were men of vision among their purblind and prejudiced generation, but I am inclined to think that even they would stand enthralled with amazement before the latest of their line, the R.M.S. *Queen Mary*. Yet without their faith and enterprise this stupendous ship would possibly not have come into existence. In order to heighten the contrast between 1855, 1904 and the present day I am permitted by the courtesy of the Directors of the Cunard White Star Limited to reproduce the beautiful print which they were kind enough to send me, together with a general description of their wonder ship, and some facts about her that are more astounding than the best efforts of fiction.

Her dimensions are positively beyond belief, yet we have them before us. Her length over all is 1,020 feet; her breadth 118 feet; her depth moulded to the promenade (or strength) deck is 92 feet 6 inches, and to the top of the lounge structure 124 feet, with a gross tonnage of 80,773 tons. The hull structure comprises twelve decks, and she can carry 776 first-class, 784 tourist, and 579 third-class passengers, under the care of officers and crew to the number of 1,101, or a total on board of over three thousand

two hundred souls, or about the population of a small country town!

In addition to a Brochure of some forty pages describing the technicalities as well as the amenities of the *Queen Mary*, the Company have issued a dainty little book entitled "Art in R.M.S. *Queen Mary*," with a wealth of beautiful photographic illustrations of the interior decorations of the ship, and the names of the artists concerned and the rare woods and veneers with which they worked. They have also issued a folder of very striking pictures of the magnificent public rooms in this stately ship, well worthy to be called Britain's Shipping Masterpiece.

Whether travellers or not, the peoples of the British Empire may well be proud of the R.M.S. *Queen Mary*, her owners, and her builders, the well-known firm of Messrs. John Brown & Company Limited, on the Clydebank. And there is besides the inspiring thought that, to use their own words, "the construction and fitting out of the *Queen Mary* has provided employment for thousands of workers, not only at Clydebank but also throughout the country, where no fewer than two hundred firms in some sixty cities and towns have contributed in one way or another to the great ship." May we not call this a tremendous victory for peace and civilization, to give employment that helps to knit the world together instead of blowing it to pieces?

With this immense advance in the size and equipment of ocean-going liners, naturally the whole atmosphere of voyaging has changed, and the trip itself is something to look forward to instead of being almost an ordeal, and at best a more or less disagreeable interlude. To take a passage to New York in such a steamer as the *Queen*

*Mary* is—especially for first-class passengers—rather like spending a few days at a fashionable country club near a favourite seaside pitch, and having the time of one's life. Young people perhaps do not realize it, but when we of the elder generation remember how our fathers journeyed we think of the almost incredible verity that the *Queen Mary* is about one hundred and fifty times the size of a 540 ton ship, nineteen times as large as a former "Atlantic Greyhound," while making nearly four even of the largest German mail boat of the Edwardian era.

More than ever we should like to call back the shades of Samuel Cunard's critics and opponents, among them, strange to say, being Charles Dickens, if we may judge by an unpublished epistle of his which Sir Robert Witt (in whose possession it is) quoted in that interesting column in *The Times* "Letters to the Editor," and recently reprinted in a most attractive collection of these, edited by Mr. Douglas Woodruff, and published under the title "Dear Sir."

This effusion of Dickens's was addressed to his friend Daniel Maclise, the artist, from New York, dated February 27th, 1842. After some distracted observations about the non-arrival of the Caledonian steamer which left Liverpool on the 4th of that month, the great novelist proceeds: "It is worth while remarking that I 'registered a vow' soon after we came ashore, not to return in a steamer, having observed on our passage many dangers to which these demons are peculiarly liable. Indeed, the wonder with me is how they get across in heavy weather as they have done. Instead of riding on the tops of the waves as ships do, they cleave their passage through them, and are under water the whole time. I wish you could



once—only once—hear the noise of the sea upon her deck, and feel how she stops and quivers. Oh! it is a most damnable invention out upon the wide ocean, by the ghosts of all who went down in the *President*, it is.”

There are not many things quite safe to speculate upon, especially as to what our ancestors might think of modern conditions, but for myself I am absolutely persuaded that Charles Dickens would break his vow “not to return in a steamer,” and be one of the happiest passengers this season on board the great liner and direct descendant of that damnable invention, the poor Caledonian boat, out upon the same wide ocean!

THE EDITOR.

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## INTRODUCTION

MAN has always been a very restless animal, and from the dawn of history we have records of his wanderings, real and imaginary. Unlike most animals, he was seldom content to stay quietly where he found himself; and this propensity to roam far afield seems to have been more common in Europeans than in some other races. We do not find that Asia, for example, was for ever intent on exploring the uttermost parts of the earth, while the Americas North and South did not breed a native Columbus to range across the Atlantic or Pacific Oceans in quest of fabulous lands, either East or West.

We can note one curious thing in connection with all this roving activity, namely that the conditions and methods of travel did not greatly change or develop either by land or sea for hundreds and even thousands of years. Walking, driving and riding had to suffice for the pilgrim on shore, while sails and oars were the only contrivances that occurred to the more adventurous spirits who set out for "a life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep," to quote the old ballad once more.

Then suddenly this sort of thing seemed too slow, and early in the nineteenth century the human brain began to ferment with the daring idea that there might be evolved ways and means of quicker transit. The first at-

tempts to achieve this were rather abortive, but in a few years various inventions were developed, and it is amazing how steadily they progressed until they reached our modern swiftness in girdling the earth by rail and steam, now even literally rising into the air.

Almost within living memory conditions were almost incredibly different, being more like those of the *Odyssey*, and to illustrate this I am reproducing two authentic "travelogues," the first describing a voyage of the older period in a sailing ship from London to Shanghai in 1855, and the second dating nearly fifty years later and noting various incidents during a journey to China via the Atlantic, the United States of America and the Pacific in the transition era of 1904, half-way between the stagnation of the Past and the tremendous acceleration of the Present.

When the earlier manuscript came into my possession at Shanghai in 1896 it was only just "forty-one years on," and therefore not quite remote enough to be of much historical interest. At that time there were still a fair number of old China hands who had made the same voyage by sailing ship. In fact, one of the diarist's fellow passengers was then living at Hankow, and the colleague who had welcomed them both to the mission field was still in Shanghai. Now the perspective has changed somewhat in the forty years that have elapsed since 1896, and the journal has attained the venerable status of an octogenarian. The last survivors of its time—the Mid-Fifties—have all passed to their rest, and the modes of travelling to the Far East have developed almost beyond belief, so it seemed to me that modern travellers might be mildly interested in the naïve account of what a young Scotsman

rather pedantically called "the more important events which occurred on board the *Hamilla Mitchell* on her voyage towards Shanghai, China, during the summer of 1855."

It may inspire confidence in the writer's bona fides to give a short sketch of him. He was the Reverend Alexander Williamson, the eldest of his parents' seven sons, and twenty-five years old when the voyage began. He had done well at Glasgow University, and felt a strong call to the mission field in China. He was accepted as a suitable candidate by the London Missionary Society, and not long before sailing had been ordained to the ministry, and had married a girl of Highland descent, who was also a member of a large family, six sons and five daughters.

The journal was not intended for publication, and the writer closed his modest record by saying it was for relations only, and he hoped it would not be shown to others. This was not on account of any indiscreet revelations; and certainly the reader of to-day could wish that Alexander had taken more after Mr. Samuel Pepys and not at times resembled the Reverend Mr. Barlow of *Sandford and Merton* fame. However, in spite of—perhaps partly because of—Victorian reticence we get the essentially different atmosphere of the Fifties.

The voyage began on Monday, May 21st, 1855, and the first thing to note is that the good ship took a whole day to reach Dover and several days longer to pass from the coast of England. They sighted Madeira in about a fortnight, crossed the Line going south on Sunday, June 24th, Midsummer Day, "doubled" the Cape of Good Hope a month later, or more than two months out

B



from Gravesend, and recrossed the Line going north on Friday, August 31st, having been nine weeks in the Southern Hemisphere. Towards the end of the journey they were no less than ten days beating up the China Coast from somewhere off Formosa to Woosung, and finally landed in Shanghai four months after leaving England.

This was considered a good average passage with nothing to complain about on the score of length; and, to be fair, it was not a bad performance for a little vessel like the *Hamilla Mitchell*. Here I may quote the description of her kindly given to me by Mr. Malcolm V. Scott, the Secretary of Lloyd's Registry of Shipping, in answer to my inquiries. Incidentally it shows what a wonderful institution Lloyd's Registry is—to be able to supply details of an unimportant vessel of eighty years back. It is almost bewildering to reflect that every craft past and present, sailing the seven seas under our flag, is registered there in records faithfully preserved.

Mr. Scott wrote as follows: "I am favoured by your letter of the 1st inst. (October, 1935) in which you make inquiry regarding the vessel *Hamilla Mitchell*. In reply I have to say that this Society's Registers have been carefully examined, and I have the pleasure to append the following particulars of the vessel in question as recorded in Lloyd's Register Book for 1855:

"Wooden Ship, *Hamilla Mitchell*; 540 tons; Master, H. Bradley; built by Lunnan & Robertson at Peterhead in 1850; Owners, Thomson & Co.; Port of Registry, London; Voyage, London to China; Class, 13A1.

"I may add that the name of Captain R. D. MacKirdy was not recorded as Master of this ship in Lloyd's Register Book until the 1857 edition. Beyond the fact that the vessel sailed regularly to China, I am unable to afford any further information as to the trade in which she was engaged."

Five hundred and forty tons only! Just let us pause to think of that staunch little ship bravely sailing over those thousands of perilous miles between London and Shanghai, being driven at times out of her course to within two or three hundred leagues of Brazil, weathering the Cape of Good Hope, tacking across the Indian Ocean up to the China Seas, with nothing but her stretch of canvas, sturdy British seamanship, and the winds of heaven to bring her safely through. In those days it was a real adventure to go down to the sea in ships; but our dauntless predecessors took it all as a matter of course, including the complete isolation that had to be faced. From the hour they parted with the pilot in the Thames until they dropped anchor near Woosung there was scarcely any contact with the outside world, East or West, beyond a chance of hailing homeward bound vessels—probably near the Equator.

In the diary there is little reference to the various discomforts almost amounting to hardships which they must have undergone daily, as these small merchantmen were rather badly found according to modern ideas. They did not carry a stewardess or a doctor, though not seldom there would be a medical man among the passengers who of course came to the rescue. Otherwise the Captain was *ex officio* both surgeon and physician, in addition to representing the majesty of the Law; and the "Old Man"

was provided with a more or less adequate medicine chest, while experienced pilgrims generally took some "medical comforts" in their luggage. Apropos of this, I have heard from my seniors some amusing yarns about careful bodies treasuring a supply of the best brandy as strictly medicinal and the only sure remedy for sea-sickness, and what happened to it when festive companions thought it ought not to be wasted!

In the journal there are constant allusions to "my young friends," the diarist being only twenty-five himself, and there is also an almost strenuous parade of learning. This was for the benefit of his own younger brothers and his wife's juniors, whose ages ranged from eight to sixteen years or so. Not one of these young Scots had been out of their native land, even to the "adjacent Kingdom of England," as they were taught to call it, to mark that there was a more ancient Kingdom of Scotland. So Alexander was quite a hero in their eyes, and he evidently wanted to sustain the character impressively and prove worthy of their regard and admiration.

We can visualize him, a black-haired youth of six feet five inches in height, solemnly writing his journal while the little *Hamilla Mitchell* sometimes stood on her head and everything movable careered playfully about the cabin, as he describes it in one of his lighter moments. We could wish, by the way, these had been more frequent, since an occasional spot of gossip about the daily doings of fellow passengers and crew would have been distinctly instructive and amusing, especially if he had told us of their meal hours and food, and how they filled the long days, also what the two girl brides on board found to occupy them.

It must be remembered, however, that there was less monotony on a sailing ship than might be imagined, seeing that constant attention had to be paid to wind and weather, with almost perpetual handling of the sails except in a dead calm. At any minute of the day and night there could come a swift change that entailed fierce activity aloft. This kept everyone lively, and one has only to look at the immense ado on a small yacht to realize that a ship did not plough straight ahead like her descendant, the steamer. On the contrary, she had to be prepared for all kinds of manœuvres, tacking and putting about, now sailing before the wind, then perhaps threatened with a gale, so that the crew had no time to bother about themselves or feel dull, while the passengers soon learnt that they had good reason to take a keen personal interest in the vital matter of getting safely across the vasty and very treacherous Deep. To them all the ship must have seemed like a living thing, at times sporting gaily with the elements, and then having to fight for dear life when the sunny mood of wind and water changed to a murderous one.

Although not stressed in any way we can read between the lines that even at the best these early voyages must have been a considerable strain on body and mind, so that only a few persons of exceptional stamina—health millionaires, so to speak—entirely escaped bad effects. There must have been serious difficulties in the way of providing good drinking water and wholesome food, to say nothing of lesser problems such as getting clothes washed. However, since people—perhaps fortunately—were not so well instructed in hygiene at that date, they probably suffered less in their minds, on Hamlet's principle:

"There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

In the case of the *Hamilla Mitchell* in 1855 we can note that crew and passengers all arrived at their destination in fair condition, and that the diarist gave hearty thanks to heaven for a prosperous voyage.

I may add a short account of the diarist's subsequent career in China. He threw himself into his work with far more zeal than discretion and this, coupled with a terrible attack of malaria contracted up-country near Hangchow, broke his health down in less than two years. He was invalided home almost dying in 1857, and took a long time to recover even a measure of his early vigour. His state was so bad that under medical advice the London Missionary Society decided not to send him back to Shanghai.

This was a great blow to him, but did not move him from his determination to return to the mission field, and after five years at home in Scotland he persuaded the National Bible Society in 1863 to send him out to North China as their Agent to preach the Gospel and sell the Scriptures. He made many most adventurous journeys under very hazardous conditions, and travelled widely in many provinces in China and also in Manchuria and Mongolia.

When on home leave in 1870 he published a book entitled "Journeys in North China," giving a vivid account of these pilgrimages. It attracted a good deal of attention at the time and is still a leading text-book on the China of his day. Moreover it gained the approval of his Alma Mater, and the University of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of LL.D. in 1871.

In the autumn of the same year he returned to Chefoo in the dual capacity of Agent for the National Bible Society and head of the newly formed United Presbyterian Mission of Scotland. After this he made fewer journeys, but did a great deal of literary work in Chinese, writing a "Life of Christ" and various other volumes. He was associated with a very remarkable American colleague, Young J. Allen, DD., LL.D., of Shanghai, Editor of the best Christian journal ever published in Chinese.

Towards the end of his time Dr. Williamson founded the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese, in which enterprise he was generously supported by Sir Thomas Hanbury and Sir Robert Hart and many others. The main idea was to attract the higher classes of China to the ethics of Christianity by an intellectual appeal.

He did not survive long to guide his scheme. Overwork and the strain of his journeys told upon his constitution severely and prematurely aged him, so that when he was little past fifty he looked like a venerable patriarch, and the Chinese used to greet him with the reverence due to his (apparent) great age, murmuring "Eighty years!" when he went among them. He passed peacefully away at sixty after a short illness at Chefoo in August, 1890, and was laid to rest beside many friends in the picturesque hill-side cemetery there at Temple Hill. R.I.P. His name and works live after him.



A JOURNAL OF THE MORE IMPORTANT  
EVENTS

WHICH OCCURRED ON BOARD THE

*Hamilla Mitchell*

ON HER VOYAGE

FROM

LONDON TOWARDS SHANGHAI, CHINA,

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1855









SHIP OF SAME TYPE AND PERIOD 1855 AS "HAMILLA MITCHELL"

*Nautical Photo Agency*

*Facing Page 27.*

## A JOURNAL OF THE MORE IMPORTANT EVENTS

WE arrived at Gravesend by the train which left Fenchurch Street Station 11.50 a.m. May 21st, 1855. We got into a small boat and were rowed to the ship which was riding at anchor in the river. Mr. and Mrs. G. John, with his mother-in-law and sister-in-law, accompanied us. We had hardly got our cabin put in order when Mr. and Mrs. Dougall and Mr. and Mrs. John Dougall, Jr., arrived and remained with us until the vessel weighed anchor. Being left to ourselves, we retired to our cabin but were shortly interrupted by the call for dinner. Here we met the Captain, mate, Mr. and Mrs. John and also one of the Captain's sisters and a Mrs. Black. These latter were sent ashore in a small boat during the afternoon.

It may be desirable to give you a description of the Captain, mate and our fellow passengers before proceeding with our narrative. The Captain, then, is a Scotchman, a native of Greenock. His name is R. D. MacKirdy. He is about five feet eleven inches, strong built; of a sanguine temperament; he is warm-hearted, obliging and thoroughly understands his business. We have been very fortunate indeed in having such a man to conduct us to our destination, for so far as we have gone yet we have found in him everything we could desire. The mate is a Lancashire man, and has seen marvellous things in his

day if we are to believe him. He is also of a sanguine temperament and has been very attentive to us and very obliging. He has a pretty good knowledge of navigation, but not much general information. He is thirty years of age—about two years younger than the Captain—and is a married man. Were I to insert all the stories he told us you would be amused. I may perhaps put one down occasionally.

Mr. John is a Welshman; nervous; well informed; judicious; diligent (*sic*); persevering; rather dogmatic; not very generous but rather close-minded. I think we may work together; but I fear we can never be fast friends. My opinion of Mrs. John is ascending; but she is not a person you could take any freedom with. I earnestly pray God that we may be able to suit ourselves to each other and that no root of bitterness may spring up to trouble us.

Having reached Deal the pilot went ashore about twelve o'clock midnight, carrying letters for James and Mr. and Mrs. Dougall, which we trust were duly received. Next morning the magnificent cliffs of Dover were in view and we in contemplation of them were highly delighted. The town of Dover was formerly called Dwyr, from Dwfyrra, a steep place, and certainly every spectator must admit the propriety of the designation. They rise almost perpendicularly to an immense height; and are perfectly white except where the shadows of the rugged prominences meet the eye. They extend along the shore for miles and are composed of chalk which gives them their glistening whiteness. The chalk has been gradually deposited by the sea, and I believe the layers can be distinctly seen by those who examine it on the shore. It consists of shells; and a Philosopher who examined it

carefully with the microscope concluded that there were upwards of a million of perfect fossil shells and corals in every cubic foot. How wonderful are the works of God! If the starry heavens overwhelm us with a sense of their extent and magnitude, these old cliffs in no less degree impress us with the limitlessness of the works of God. Nor are the "infusoria" in these chalk beds the smallest creatures that have been laid open to the view of man by that wonder-revealing instrument: for animals, perfect in all their parts, far minuter in size have been discovered; so much so that the cheesemite takes its rank—not as one of the smallest objects—but as the middle-sized animal in creation: so that there are creatures as much smaller than the mite as the mite itself is smaller than the whale. It may interest our young friends to know this.

The town itself lies at the foot of the cliffs, and the old castle may be distinctly seen—by the aid of a telescope—frowning defiance and warning intruders to be off. You will recollect that it was here Cæsar built a Roman Castle, considering it an important place; and all readers of history know that Dover was long considered the Key of the Kingdom.

As we sail along, Beachy Head and the Isle of Wight come successively into view; and this island was the last portion of English territory which came within the limits of our vision. But by this time we were too ill to care much about it; for sea-sickness had overtaken us with its painful attendants. Isabella indeed became sick the night we left and had continued more or less so up to this time; but now I, too, was laid prostrate by Neptune's powers, and spent two or three days in a most wretched state. On this occasion it seized us during the afternoon

and so disabled us that we could not take off our clothes; nor could we assist each other, but had to lie and do the best we could. The Captain very kindly came to our assistance and did what he could for our comfort; but lo! no sooner had he left us than we heard a noise in his own cabin and a little attention soon told that there he was himself, poor man! diligently and energetically disgorging his sumptuous repast for the benefit of the fishes and sea monsters which played around us. The mate, too, came in for his share of the good things, and not a few of the crew were sick, so false is it that the malady only attacks those who voyage on the mighty deep for the first time. There is no cure for this sickness but patience—neither homeopathy, nor brandy, nor anything else has any effect with it. The Captain told us so at the beginning, and our experience testifies to the truth of his assertion. Of this sickness we did not recover for some time, and by the time we were quite able to enjoy the scenes around us we found ourselves sailing briskly down in a south-west direction opposite the coast of France, in fact in the Bay of Biscay. Here we met with none of the storms which have been celebrated in song and are such a terror to mariners. We passed it pleasantly, only encountering a heavy surge which frequently if not constantly rolls here, caused by the waters of the Atlantic coming in contact with the western shores of Europe. As we passed through that part of the ocean opposite the Mediterranean Sea we met with a strong current flowing like a river towards the straits of Gibraltar through which it pours its waters to aid that which is withdrawn by evaporation throughout the whole extent of that inland ocean. For our young friends know that the sun raises immense quantities of

waters daily from the ocean which become clouds and are carried by the winds over upon the lands, where by coming in contact with colder atmosphere they are condensed and the moisture they contain falls in rain or hail or snow as the case may be. See Ecclesiastes i. 7. ("All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.")

Having emerged from this oceanic stream we in a few days reached Santo Porto and Madeira. We sighted the former place about two o'clock p.m., June 2nd, while the latter only came into view as a dark spreading spot on the horizon during the evening. We saw it distinctly, however, the next morning; but there was nothing remarkable to be noticed. We doubtless would have perceived something worth mentioning had we sailed close by it; but as it was we could only see the mountains rising into the heavens where their tops were covered with clouds and so hidden from view. There is almost every variety of climate in this Island: it is cold high up the mountains, temperate midway down, and very genial in the valleys and sloping ridges below; consequently botanists find here almost every variety of plants, I believe, and naturalists many kinds of animals. It has been long famous for its vines which produce the best wines imported into our markets; but an inexplicable blight has fallen upon them of late years, analogous to our potato disease, and has destroyed them. This Island is also very much noted for its beneficial effect upon consumptive persons, and indeed is the best place we know of for invalids of this description. If the disease has not progressed very much, there is some chance of recovery if a residence in this place be speedily sought. Otherwise nothing will stay the steps



of this merciless destroyer. Nor will this Island be soon forgotten by the religious world; for it was here that Dr. Kelly endured the persecutions, for the teaching of the Gospel, at the hands of the Portuguese Authorities which have rendered his name so notorious and honourable. It may interest you to know that he was a Medical Missionary in connection with the London Missionary Society who intended, and I believe was appointed, to proceed to China, but his wife having caught a severe cold which settled upon her lungs while attending a Normal Seminary to fit her for her prospective work, he retired to Madeira for her benefit, and never was permitted to enter upon his labours in the country of his choice.

Between this and the Equator we saw a few animals, a brief description of which may interest you. And the first I shall mention is what the sailors call the Portuguese man-of-war. It consists of a bladder about seven inches long, very like the air bladder of a fish; from the lower side of this a number of strings descend of bright blue and red, some of which are three or four feet in length. These strings sting like a nettle, only far more keenly. On the upper part of this bladder is a membrane used as a sail and turned by the creature into the direction of the wind so as to be carried along; this membrane is beautifully marked by fine veins. Altogether it is a very interesting little creature and sails about very prettily. We also saw great numbers of porpoises which swam along both sides of our vessel like so many dogs trying to keep up to the Busby omnibus: now ahead of us: now falling back: and sometimes leaping high into the air either in sport for themselves or to show their contempt of us. The

Captain and mate tried to harpoon some of them, but did not succeed. We expect, however, to catch some when we come into the Indian Ocean. I need hardly describe them, for all our young friends have seen pictures of them. They vary from five feet to eight feet in length; are very thick in the middle; have long, tapering heads—black, ugly brutes.

As we approached the Equator flying fish were everywhere to be seen. These fish are not unlike herring in size and general appearance, but are far more beautiful: their scales are very bright and glistening, and when seen in the rays of the sun present a very brilliant appearance. Their two wings are triangular in form, the sides of which are about two inches, three inches, and four and a quarter respectively; they are composed of a thin transparent membrane having veins running up through it. There were eleven large ones which branched off—like the veins in a leaf of a tree—in the one which flew on board our vessel; for in the dark they cannot see distinctly, and so when the wind is blowing “beam ways” they sometimes fall into the ship. These fish rise out of the sea just like a covey of partridges out of a stubble field and fly a good distance: often three hundred or four hundred yards. They are devoured by the Dolphin which watch their movements with all the care and anxiety of a bird of prey. They are sometimes cooked and eaten; and in Barbados the inhabitants catch them in great numbers, clean them, salt them, pack them in tin cases and sell them for food. (Pole Star descending.)

Nor were birds altogether awanting, for not a few Mother Carey chickens hovered about the stern a good number of days; these birds are almost sacred to the

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sailors, and not a man among them would venture to kill one. They are small, commonplace-looking birds.

Shortly after leaving Madeira on June 4th, Lat.  $29^{\circ} 23' N.$ , Long.  $18^{\circ} 49' W.$ , we fell into the North East Trades and had a most delightful sail for many a league. We lost them in Lat.  $14^{\circ} N.$ , Long. — and then met with variable winds which carried us within a few degrees of the Equator where we found the South East Trades which were rather unfavourable this season as they compelled us to sail west by south until we were within two or three hundred miles of the coast of Brazil, South America. These Trade Winds you are aware are caused by the joint action of the Earth and sun in the following simple way: the sun shines always directly over the Equator or over some portion of the Earth which extends  $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  either side of it, called the "Tropics." The heat here is consequently intense; and so the air is rarefied to a great extent, and as it becomes thinner and consequently lighter it ascends. This produces a vacuum, and as a vacuum is a thing Nature will not allow under ordinary circumstances, the air rushes in to fill it up; this produces wind; and the direction of the wind would be due north and south were the Earth stationary; but as it revolves upon its axis from west to east, more rapidly than the air which surmounts it, it causes the winds to take an easterly as well as northerly and southerly course, i.e. they fall behind the Earth in its motion. And how beneficial is this ordinance of God! Were it not for these winds, though commerce by sea might be carried on, yet how tedious and uncertain would these voyages be; in one case a ship might make a voyage to India in three or four months, while in another it might take a year, and no

calculation whatever could be made regarding the length of a passage to any of our ports in the north or east. But since the Trades blow so constantly and invariably in the same direction, seamen can determine the date of their arrival to within a few days. In the strength of the wind, too, we see the wisdom and goodness of God: for it is neither too light nor too strong, but just such a breeze as will fill every sail in the ship and cause her to sail as rapidly as her construction will permit of.

We crossed the Equator on Sabbath the 24th June in Long.  $24^{\circ} 57'$  W. It was a beautiful day and we were not subjected to those silly ceremonies which till lately were regularly practised by the sailors when they reached this point of their journey. I should hardly call them silly; for though they were so, they were also amusing, and a brief description of them may interest you. A sailor then on the night preceding the day on which the ship was expected to cross the Line climbed along to the end of the flying jibboom, while some of his companions, having set fire to an old tar barrel, tumbled it overboard. The man at the end of the jibboom then waits till the blazing barrel comes near where he is, and then he, personifying Neptune in his burning car, cries out: "What ship is this?" And this having been answered by a jolly Tar, he again asks at the top of his voice: "Any of my children aboard?" And then having learned the number he intimates: "I'll give them a call to-morrow." The morrow comes and call on them he does. Suddenly a great noise is heard in the fore-castle, and the men are seen coming marching along the deck, with lanterns and shouts, dressed in holiday attire. The passengers rush out of their cabins and through the saloon to see "what

is the matter," and just when they reach the main deck they are roused to their senses and sent roaring and screaming in every direction: for in accordance with a preconcerted plan some fifteen or twenty pails full of water have been tumbled from the rigging of the main mast upon their devoted heads. This, of course, is a source of glorious merriment to the sailors who now increase their shouts and set no limits to their frolics. Meanwhile Neptune advances sitting like His Majesty upon a car, having a diadem on his head; dressed to suit; the Trident placed before him—one end at his feet and the other standing a little forward supported by his right hand. He is drawn by four sailors on "all fours," dressed in skins if these can be procured, and onward he comes until he reaches the poop. He then calls out the names of his children, and commands them to come forward one by one that he may see them. All those, then, who have not previously sailed across the Line are brought up one by one and made to sit down. Neptune then orders his barber to shave them one after the other, and accordingly this most agreeable operation begins. The razor consists of three pieces of an iron hoop; two for the handle and one for the blade, the blade one hacked like a saw. The lather consists of tar and grease and such other pleasant ingredients as lie about the long boat. Before the barber begins, however, Neptune out of politeness and anxious to avoid anything which might hurt the feelings of his "dear bairns" asks the person about to be initiated: "What would you prefer to be shaved with?" And just as he opens his mouth to reply, the barber pushes a stick covered with the forementioned materials right into the mouth of the man. Then follows a choking and a sprawl-

ing, and a laughing on the part of the crew quite delightful to behold. This same thing is repeated till all have been shaved. Then grog is distributed and the remainder of the day is spent in rioting and mischief. Such then is a brief picture of what was regularly done by our sailors, and certainly it is to their credit that such nonsense is dying away.

It generally happens that there are calms in the neighbourhood of the Equator; but as the sun was pretty far north while we were there we fell in with the South-East Trades some few degrees north of the Equator, so that we experienced no calm at that part of our voyage. From the fact that ships find it convenient to cross the Line nearly in the same degree of Longitude, viz. 25' W., whether they are returning from the southern and eastern shores or proceeding to those parts, that degree of Longitude is styled the "House of Call," and as ships are sometimes detailed there for days the crews and passengers often amuse themselves going on board their neighbours' vessels and dining with their temporary friends. Outward bound ships also generally take advantage of the homeward bound, and send letters to their relatives, etc., accompanying the request, that these letters be posted at the port to which they proceed, with a small present, often a bag of potatoes which are much relished by those who have been perhaps for months tossed on the stormy ocean.

Nothing very particular occurred between the time of our leaving the Equator and our reaching Lat. 36° 6', Long. 4° 26' W., July 18th, where we saw a whale, if not more than one. This sight interested us very much; for they are not only wonderful in themselves, but have such

romantic associations and useful properties connected with them. You are aware that they abound on the coasts of Greenland, and it is perhaps with the Greenland whales and whalers that you are best acquainted. But they also abound here round the Cape of Good Hope and up the Mosambique Channel, and used to be fished for by our countrymen, but they have now almost given it up, and whales are only sought after in these regions now principally by the Americans. The whale we saw made its appearance in the morning about 6 o'clock a.m. in the ship's time, i.e. about 8 a.m. in your time, for we lose four minutes every sixty miles we proceed westward from the meridian of Greenwich. It has swum round the ship close past the stern; and when I made my appearance the second mate cried to me: "A whale! A whale!" I immediately asked where. And this being discovered, I ran and told Isabella and called Mr. and Mrs. John. After watching for about a quarter of an hour a noise of the spouting of water was heard, and then we saw water rising in the air as if from a powerful fountain. The brute then made its appearance, and how shall I describe it? It was of a dark brown colour and rose just like some immense steam boiler to the surface of the water. It was a good deal longer and much broader apparently than the new boiler of Busby Mills, and yet moved as easily and majestically through the sea as you could desire. It had an immense tail, and the Captain told us that lately one whose calf had been killed by a ship's crew was so enraged that it came up to the vessel and with one stroke of this powerful weapon stove the beam ends of the vessel in.

"'Tis a dangerous thing, the catching the whale,  
He'll toss over a ship with a dash of his tail," etc., etc.

Ebenezer knows the rest. My young friends will perhaps wonder at me calling a young whale a "calf." But this is the proper name; for they suckle their young just as a cow does: have lungs like land animals: and consequently are warm blooded. Though they live in the sea they are no more fish than the hippopotamus is, and cannot remain below water longer than about twenty minutes.

The other night, say June 28th, the mate saw that phosphorescent appearance so truthfully and beautifully described by Sir Walter Scott.

"Awakened before the rushing prow  
The mimic fires of ocean glow,  
Those lightnings of the wave.  
Wild sparkles crest the broken tides,  
And flashing round the vessel's sides  
With elfish lustre lave.  
While far behind their livid light,  
To the dark billows of the night  
A blooming splendour gave."

We were asleep and he did not like to arouse us, but we expect to witness it soon when we shall then describe it. Meanwhile I may tell you of a phenomenon which is very striking and beautiful. Looking out of our cabin windows one night Isabella saw the water all sparkling below as if stars had been scattered upon the sea. This is a very common sight and can be seen almost every dark night if the ship is moving rapidly through the water. I know not what is the cause of it, but am inclined to think that it results from decaying animal and vegetable substances with which the sea abounds. You are aware light is emitted by many things if not by all matter



in a state of decomposition, and this is perhaps the cause of that luminous appearance sometimes seen in the face of those dying—especially of consumption. Well, then, the sparkling in the sea may perhaps be produced by the friction of the waves on those rotting materials. If so, then the light is electric magnetic in its nature.

During the last weeks of June we saw some magnificent sunsets which altogether baffle description. One especially quite enchanted me: it was the most glorious spectacle I ever beheld. At first you would have thought that the whole of the western horizon was on fire: some parts burning more intensely than others: then the brightness gradually diminished, and as it did so the most gorgeous phenomena presented themselves. At one time you would have thought that an immense prairie lay before you smouldering and blazing: then you would have imagined you saw a sea coast on fire some miles in depth, while clouds of the most exquisite hues came and went like some diorama before you. Meanwhile the sky above you was tinged with a most delicate lavender, while the eastern portions more or less reflected the brightness which was dazzling our eyes in the west. I have never met with an explanation of the phenomena of the sunset, but imagine they must be produced by the action of the sun's rays on the clouds. Each ray of light, as you are aware, is composed of seven different rays which have each its particular colour: viz. violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red: for though Sir D. Brewster thought they could be reduced to three, viz. blue, yellow and red, yet the seven are easily discernible by means of a common prism, and moreover have each different wave-lengths, although not different rates of velocity.

When these rays fall upon an object they may be either reflected, transmitted or absorbed. If all, or nearly all, be sucked in or absorbed, the object will appear black; if the greater number be allowed to pass through—as in the case with glass or water—the object is said to be transparent; if the object reflects only the blue and absorbs the others it will appear blue; if the red absorbs the other six it will appear red, and so with the others, while the reflection of all causes the object to appear white. (Hence it is that black clothing is warm while white is cold). But each of these rays has not only different heating powers and travel with different strides, they are refracted at different angles by substances of the same density, i.e. one is bent from the line of direction at which it strikes the substance in a greater degree than the others, e.g. the violet, indigo, blue, green are more refrangible than the yellow, orange and red. Hence if a single ray of light from a small hole in a window shutter is made to fall through a triangular piece of glass, and a white sheet held up behind the glass, the coloured rays will be separated and thrown upon the cloth in the order in which I have set them down. Now these facts explain the appearances at sunset. The rays of light fall upon the clouds, but they fall upon them very obliquely; and hence all the particles of moisture in the clouds act as pieces of glass and separate each compound ray into its primitive colours—in the same way as the falling rain does when a rainbow is formed—and as the clouds are constantly changing their places and altering in their degree of density, the shifting but gorgeous colours which we see in a sunset are produced. The magnificence of a sunset at sea results from our seeing all the phenomena, whereas on land, hills,

etc., prevent our seeing all the clouds we only see the highest.

Since I am speaking of the heavens, I may describe the appearance by night which is very grand in the Southern Hemisphere. The first thing which strikes you when you raise your eyes is the number and brilliancy of the stars; for they appear far more numerous and striking than with you. Then your attention is arrested by the Milky Way, which stretches all across the sky from north to south, and presents a very peculiar aspect. It is divided into two branches in one part of its course, but the smaller portion again unites with it. It is well named the Milky Way, for it stretches across the heavens just like a path sprinkled with a whitish substance. The heathens—if my memory serves me correctly—supposed it was the milk which burst from the breast of one of the heathen goddesses, Juno. Some of our astronomers, you recollect, a few years ago maintained that it was composed of matter out of which stars and planets were made, and on this ground explained the origin of the Earth and heavenly bodies. But the application of powerful telescopes to it has shown that it is composed of millions of stars scattered, as Sir John Hershell expresses it, like glittering dust, on the background of the heavens. How boundless is the Universe of God! It is only when standing before such a spectacle as this that you can realize the infinitude of Jehovah and feel how insignificant a creature man is! How true, and yet how far from conveying the whole truth is Dr. Chalmers' illustration when he compares the Universe to a forest and says that the annihilation of our system with all its glories would detract less from the heavens than the dropping of a leaf into the stream would diminish

the beauty of the forest. Yes, though our heavens and earth were blotted out they would never be missed except by the inhabitants of the nearest stars who would say not that a mighty system but a star had disappeared from the Firmament.

I saw also the Magellan clouds. These are three clouds of a nebulous nature; two of them whitish like the Milky Way and lying a little west of the Milky Way, the other darker and situated nearly in the centre of that belt of stars. During some of the nights I was examining these stars, Venus was shining most brilliantly in the east and Jupiter in the west, but did not discover any of the others of our sister planets. The Southern Cross is another very conspicuous object in this quarter; it consists of four stars placed and hence its name. Orion, too, can be seen, but at present it is late in rising. Regulus, Argo, Castor and Pollux: the Careine or pointers to the Cross shine very beautifully here. It may be interesting to my young friends to know how to distinguish between stars and planets; or if they are acquainted with this to learn the reason why stars appear to sparkle while the planets shine with a steady light. The stars then are suns, centres of other systems, just as our sun is of our own, and the reason why the worlds which revolve around them are not visible to us is because of their immense distance away. They consequently emit light, and it is found that the rays they emit are of the same nature as those which enlighten, warm and beautify our earth. Now light is transmitted by undulations in the atmosphere just as sound is, only the direction of the waves in one case is transverse like the sea, while in the latter it is horizontal. But each colour has its own wave-length,

e.g. violet makes nearly seven hundred million waves in a second, while the red produces less than five hundred millions. Hence since they come with the same velocity, the length of the undulation in violet must be nearly a quarter less than in the red. And this explains the twinkling: for when all the different waves coincide there must be greater light; but when they interfere with each other the sensation of light must be less; and as this interference takes place many times every moment, the twinkling appearance is produced. This same explanation holds good in reference to the fact that the stars if narrowly observed appear to change their colour; for if all the rays be counteracted or mixed together but the blue, for instance, the star will appear blue; if all but the green, green, and so on with the rest. The accompanying diagram will partially illustrate this peculiarity of the stars. (Here follow some wavy lines difficult to copy well so are left out.)

Am I asked: "If this be the true explanation, won't it hold good with regard to the planets likewise?" I answer: "No; for it is only a bright point that produces this effect, and although the stars appear to be as large as the planets, yet when seen through a telescope they diminish in size and appear only as a minute but brilliant point; while the planets have a disc and consequently emit light from many points and so prevent the twinkling appearance for the one makes up for the other." Of course the stars have real discs too, of a far greater size, but as they are such an immense distance from us they act on our eye just as one concentrated point of light. The fact that some of the stars appear to the naked eye as large as the planets results from a physiological effect which a bright point of

light always produces upon the retina of eye, and which is expressed in the general law that bright objects always appear brighter than they really are.

I perhaps should have mentioned sooner that we passed three or four ships in our progress towards these southern latitudes, viz. the *Exhibition* from Glasgow bound for Moulmain on June 28th, Lat. and Long. blank; the *Lydia MacHenry* from Troon for Bombay with a thousand tons of coal on board. July 14th, Lat. and Long. blank; some Dutch vessels and two Frenchmen. We were, however, passed in our turn by two or three, viz. on the 30th June by an American vessel called the *Golden State* from New York for Canton; and also by an ill-bred Spaniard who sailed so close by our ship as to take the wind out of our sails, which highly offended our Captain. The American ship was a most beautiful craft, and sailed past with ease, but we kept up for a long time with the other, though it ultimately beat us. We also met a few homeward bound ships and asked two to report us at Lloyds, which I hope they did. There was too much wind for us to lower the small boat and take letters on board.

Perhaps you ask me how can you learn the names and particulars regarding other vessels? There are two ways: sometimes we sail so close that by the aid of a speaking trumpet we can converse with them; but the general way is by a set of flags of different colours in the following manner. When a ship comes so near that we can see her distinctly, we hoist our Ensign, the Union Jack, which shows what nation we belong to, and intimates we want to speak to them. They immediately hoist their national flag which discovers their nation and their willingness to converse. Our ensign is then pulled down and the name

of our ship hoisted in its place. This is done by putting up the number of our vessel, for you must understand that all the vessels in the world are entered in a book, and numbered according to their position in that book. One vessel No. 1 another No. 2 and so on up to nine thousand or so. Then the sailors have a set of flags of different colours as I have said; the one coloured white: blue centre stands for the numeral one; the next with a white stripe middle and a blue above and below for two, and so on up to nine. They have also one which stands for a cypher. So that if the number of the vessel be 1893 they hoist up four flags which represent respectively 1-8-9-3 in the order of the figures. The number of our ship is 4819, and accordingly we hoist up the flags for it. All the various questions which one ship might require to ask of another, and also the appropriate answers are likewise entered in the same book and numbered in a similar way; e.g. the number of the question: "How many days have you been out?" is 1693, so that did you wish to ask this question we would just hoist the flags corresponding to the numbers 1-6-9-3. If you had been fifty days, of course you would just hoist the flags corresponding to the five and the ought. All the seaports, too, in the world are numbered, so that you have no difficulty in learning their destination. There are various rules to be attended to in the hoisting of the signals which tell whether it is a question you are putting, or the name of the vessel you are giving, etc., etc., but into these I need not enter.

We lost the South East Trades in Lat.  $27^{\circ} 45' S.$ , and Long.  $35^{\circ} 30' W.$

Doubtless you will think it is time I was telling you whether we have encountered any storms yet. I may say

we have had no severe ones, though we have experienced a few hard gales; but as we are at present—July 21st—in the stormy latitudes I cannot say how soon we may meet with them. Indeed we have been sailing in them during the past fortnight and expect to be fourteen or sixteen days longer ere we get out again into fine weather. Our great reason for entering them is to get westerly breezes to carry us east, for you recollect we were driven away west to the neighbourhood of the east coast of South America. You must not suppose, however, that we were unfortunate in this respect, for all vessels bound for the East and Australia, etc., etc., must go more or less to the west before they can get winds to carry them to their respective ports, though we were carried a little farther west than we expected or desired. These westerly winds are nearly as remarkable as the Trade Winds, and they admit of a similar explanation. They blow almost constantly and are met with about  $30^{\circ}$  or  $35^{\circ}$  South Lat., and  $30^{\circ}$  or  $35^{\circ}$  North Lat., and the farther south or north you proceed the stronger they blow. These winds result from the circumstance that the currents of air which ascended at the Equator and so produced the Trade Winds, by a natural law flow back towards the North and South Poles, only so high up as not to interfere with the Trade Winds, and they have a westerly direction for they have received such a westerly impulse at the Equator on account of the Earth going west that they retain it on their way back; and this the more so since the Earth moves less speedily as you approach the Poles. But the nearer you come to the Poles the colder the climate becomes. Hence these currents are condensed and consequently fall to a level with the sea and so produce the westerly gales which are



both courted and dreaded by mariners in both Hemispheres.

In these regions especially in winter—as it is with us just now—you meet with great numbers of sea fowl of various kinds. The most numerous is a kind called Cape Pigeons, a most beautiful bird which is very tame. It is web-footed, speckled with black on the neck, tips of the wings, and end of the tail, but is elsewhere white. It is rather larger than our common pigeon. By putting a piece of pork on a hook and throwing it over the stern you can easily catch them. I pulled up one yesterday, and the Captain caught two or three within these few days. I wrote the name of the ship; the latitude and longitude and our destination on one of the parchment cards which Mr. Dougall gave me at Busby, to write our address on, and tied it round the neck of one of these birds and set it at liberty again. My late address at London was on the other side of the card.

There are also great numbers of large brown birds with yellow beaks, called Cape hens: some small grey birds of the same form as our swallows, only larger, called Whale birds, and a few Albatrosses. You may see some of the last mentioned birds in our museums. Some of them are so large as to measure fifteen feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other. If a man should chance to be washed overboard they immediately surround him, and the mate speaks of persons accidentally placed in this predicament being pierced through the skull by one darting down just as the crew of a small boat were about to seize him and pull him in. The sailors make needle cases of the bones of their legs, and purses for tobacco with their web feet.

Last night, July 22nd, the mate called me out to see two of the satellites of Jupiter which were visible through a common ship glass. I went out, but owing to my inexperience in handling these glasses I could only perceive one, which appeared like a luminous pea about a foot from the planet. You are aware that Jupiter has four such moons: but it is seldom you see more than two distinctly; the others being hidden either by the body or shadow of Jupiter himself. Frequently, however, all four can be seen. They are sometimes seen crossing the planet like a small black spot over a shining surface. Their discovery was one of the first fruits of the telescope: it was made by Galileo with the first telescope ever raised to the heavens. And their revolutions have been of great service to scientific men. By means of them the motion of light was discovered and its velocity calculated. This was affected by Roemer, a Danish astronomer in the seventeenth century: and the method was this: The Earth's orbit is within that of Jupiter's and although concentric on the whole, yet varying constantly: sometimes much nearer, and at others much farther away. Roemer found by prolonged observation that the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites which took place when the Earth was nearer Jupiter were always too soon; while those which took place when the Earth was farther from that planet were always too late. Reflection on this fact led him to the conclusion that it was produced by the circumstance that the light took longer time to reach him in one case than in the other—that it could only be accounted for by the fact that light travelled, and he, knowing the variation of distance between the Earth and Jupiter when nearest and farthest away, by a series of calculations determined that

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light travelled at the rate of a hundred and ninety-two thousand miles per second. And this fact has been abundantly confirmed by other investigations, and especially by the phenomena of "aberration" which you will find fully explained in any respectable treatise upon astronomy. The revolution of these satellites, too, I may say, settled the question as to whether the Earth revolved round the sun or vice versa, for they on a minor scale present a beautiful type of our magnificent system. Kepler's Laws even hold good when applied to them. They were also used formerly as a means of determining the longitude of a place. Nor is this all the use which has been made of them: they are had recourse to in order to determine the "mass" of Jupiter: for by observing the perturbations in their orbits we can calculate this, just as by noting the perturbations or disturbances in the moon's orbit we can calculate the mass of the sun. Indeed, if we know the dimensions of the orbit of any planet round the sun and that of the satellite of that planet round its primary, together with the time in which these revolutions are respectively made, we can tell the mass of any planet. I might here describe the method more minutely and use less technical words, etc.; but as in these and similar observations I rather wish to interest those of my young friends who may read this journal in the subjects and lead them to investigate these matters in scientific books, I leave the matter as it is.

But I must not forget to set down another very remarkable thing which occurred last night and mightily terrified the crew from the Captain downwards. It appears that a little before eight o'clock the scream of something was heard in the direction of the rigging of the top mast.

It was heard again and again at intervals until after midnight, when silence again brooded over the Deep, at least in so far as it was concerned. The scream was like that of an owl or some such bird, and was never heard before either by the Captain or the mate in all their voyages in this quarter. Of course something dreadful was about to happen; and so the Captain went to bed with his boots on—having wrapped them in a blue jacket to keep the clothes clean; and the mate likewise, like the trooper's horse ready for action in any moment. But wonderful to relate the night passed quietly over and we had a better night's rest than we have had for some time back. The morning came, and when I appeared on deck the Captain told me of the bird in measured language. At breakfast he looked grave and thoughtful, and said little, evidently much upset by the ominous scream. He avowed he was superstitious, for he had never heard such a thing in his life before. The day was still dark and lowering, and of course he imagined the dreadful catastrophe was still in the future. At midday, however, it began to clear up, and by dinner-time every sail was set and our barque was flying gaily before the wind. The bird again became the subject of conversation at dinner; but by this time the Captain breathed more freely and said there was perhaps a Jonah on board. I suggested that it might not be a bird, but the ghost of the sheep that had been killed only the day before. Of course he could not deny this as no one had seen the creature; he, however, declared that if it returned to-night he would call me up to cut its "wizzen," and so we shall see if screams again disturb the repose of the hardy sons of Neptune.

July 24th. The ghost did not make its appearance

next night, doubtless frightened at the Captain's threat; and so far as screams were concerned we might have slept soundly. But we were overtaken by a rather strong breeze accompanied by hail showers, rain and lightning, the strongest we have met with yet. It began about nine o'clock, and about eleven o'clock great bolts of lightning were flashing at our cabin windows illuminating the whole room, while the sea was rolling fearfully and sometimes striking the ship with great force, so much so as to make her tremble from stem to stern. This somewhat abated about one o'clock a.m., but we got no sleep the whole night, a thing not unusual for us, for this ship tosses at such a rate and creaks, so that it is only in favourable weather that we can enjoy refreshing slumbers. And even then the motions of the ship and the noise together awaken such confused dreams that one often nearly loses the benefit of their rest. Certainly our experience of a sea life has not realized our expectations; and I fear we would sing "A life on the Ocean Wave" with a great deal less enthusiasm than formerly.

Yesterday we weathered the Cape of Good Hope which accounts for the storm: for strong breezes were almost constantly blowing from the land. The sea was very grand: grander than ever I witnessed it; it was rolling literally mountains high. From the deck the sight was at once magnificent and awe-inspiring. At one time you saw as if from an eminence, wave following wave in dread succession, each crested with its white foam and enlivened with deep blue tinges which result from the iodine which is in all sea water; at another time you were down in a valley of water with mountains of the liquid rolling on either side. The spectacle was truly grand

and suggested to me the song Jessie and Agnes sing so well :

“ Beautiful, sublime and glorious,  
Wild, majestic, foaming, free,  
Over Time itself victorious,  
Emblem of Eternity.  
Such art thou, stupendous Ocean,  
And if we're o'erwhelmed by thee,  
Can we think without emotion——  
What must thy Creator be? ”

While thinking of these matters it may amuse you to hear of an almost everyday experience, though the annoyance is greatly augmented when the wind blows hard. What would you think if your seat were to take it into its head to walk away to the other side of the room without a moment's notice while you were busily engaged at your desk? And then as if repenting of its evil deed to return as unceremoniously? Perhaps in its haste to get to its place again, lest you be angry with it, it stumbles and you are thrown up against the side of the vessel. What would you think if when you got to rights again you found your books had taken the opportunity and absconded—every one flying in a different direction in order to secure the escape of some; and one or two hiding themselves below the drawers?

How would you look at dinner if the dishes began to scamper from one side of the table to the other in the most energetic manner, rattling against each other and the guards in the most outrageous way, so much so that each had to lay hold of those dishes opposite him and hold on as if for life and death! Or what would you say if while you were handing the spices to your neighbour,

your plate full of soup emptied its contents or part of them on your trousers, and a leg of mutton took up its abode on your knee! Or, worst of all, how would you look if your bed began to move through the night, broke the hinges of its sides, and pitched you side and all into the middle of the floor?

But these things are common occurrences here; and even the last was experienced by your humble servant only a night ago! I am thinking William at home (his youngest brother), or Ebenezer at Busby (her youngest brother, aged eight), would look blue were they to see such things. Nor is this all: sometimes the things try races with each other. I was very much amused the other morning to see a race between my hair brush and my night-cap. Both ran nobly, but the brush beat its opponent by a neck.

On the morning of Sabbath, the 29th July, the mate caught a large Albatross by a slender rope with a hook and fat at the end of it. It was a very fine bird, measuring eleven feet from tip to tip of its wings. The Captain cleaned it and prepared it for stuffing the following day. Perhaps you may wonder at such things being done on the Sabbath, but sad to relate! the sailors do not regard that day with much reverence. And though we have had Divine Service every Lord's Day when wind and weather permitted, our ministrations do not seem to have had much effect. I must say, however, that not a few of the sailors appear to take an interest in what we say, and are very attentive. May the Spirit of God be poured down upon them and all of them led to embrace the glorious Gospel of the blessed God which alone can make restless men happy here and fit for the world which is to

come. The sailors are very ignorant; few of them have Bibles, and we regret exceedingly that we did not provide ourselves with a supply of books and tracts to distribute among them.

There is a peculiarity about Divine Service at sea which is worth noting as an outward manifestation of the reverence which seafaring men entertain towards the King of Kings. The Union Jack is always placed on the capstan below the Bible, even if it be flying it is always lowered during worship and put there. This is to signify that all power and authority are derived from God; and when He is being worshipped no emblem of earthly might may stand in His presence. How becoming it is that the Flag that has for "a thousand years braved the battle and the breeze" should furl itself and descend from its proud eminence in view of Him through Whose blessing it has been enabled to retain its lofty position!

The weather at present (July) is very cold, and the days are very short: the sun rising about 6 a.m. and setting about half-past four or five o'clock. The twilight is rather longer here at present than it was in the West Longitude south of the Equator, for there darkness supervened almost immediately after the sun descended.

During the night of the 28th July the sailors who were on deck witnessed rather a rare phenomenon, namely two lunar rainbows one after the other; they were very distinct and beautiful and stretched across the sky north and south. These are produced by the rays which are reflected from the moon just in the same way as the rainbows which appear during the day are formed by the rays of the sun. The moonlight, however, must be very brilliant ere it can do this. And indeed it is very bright in these



latitudes (viz.  $40^{\circ}$ ), so much so that one night having awakened from my slumbers I thought the sun had arisen. Infidels have sometimes laughed at the statement in the Bible where the moon is called "a great light," but here we see the propriety of such a designation: for we feel that it is indeed a "great light." The great brightness of the moon in this quarter arises from the excessive purity of the atmosphere, and in such a country as Palestine it must have shone with equal splendour. This same characteristic of the atmosphere accounts for us being able to see the satellites of Jupiter with a common ship glass; for in very few places of the Earth could we see them with such an instrument. Indeed this latitude,  $40^{\circ}$  S., is famous for the clearness of the air, especially about the longitude of the Cape of Good Hope; and it was this chiefly which led Sir John Hershell to visit that place some years ago.

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To-day, 9th August, we passed the Island of St. Paul's, Lat.  $37^{\circ}$ , Long.  $77^{\circ}$ . We sighted it about half-past eight a.m. and were opposite it at noon: so that we saw it almost twenty-five or thirty miles distant; for the vessel was sailing about eight knots or miles per hour. It should hardly be called an island, for it is just a bleak, barren rock having nothing growing upon it even in summer but patches of coarse, rank grass here and there. It is, however, remarkable for its hot springs (some of which actually *boil*, while the coolest raises the thermometer to  $180^{\circ}$ ), and for its numerous shoals of fish. These springs are all found in the neighbourhood of each other in a lagoon or basin into which the tide ebbs and flows. The fish swim about in prodigious plenty so that you can catch them almost in bucketfuls; and if you wish one cooked you have only to put the rod in at one place and hook a fish, and then cast your line into one of the boiling springs, when it is made ready in a few minutes. The entrance to this lagoon lies between two rugged rocks about twenty-five yards apart from each other, in front of which stands a solid rock about eighty or ninety feet high, shaped just

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Signs of cultivation now opened up: patches of cleared land: rough roads cut over the hills, dwellings which were as large and as beautiful as some of our spacious farmsteadings, generally shaded and partly hid from the eye by large bushy trees. (If they were native buildings, certainly they were highly creditable, for they were regularly arranged with the front of the square, facing the sea, painted white. Outhouses, too, could be easily seen.) Canoes pushing here and there; and cattle, apparently horses, feeding under the trees, imparted peculiar interest to the scene. Scenery like this delighted us the whole day: only as we proceeded onwards, smoke rising here and there, and larger buildings occasionally peeping through the trees on the shore, gave indications of villages and denser population.

While we were opposite the place just described, a native fishing-boat passed us at full sail. These craft are curious: the prow is turned up like a Chinese shoe, and they are broader and flatter than our fishing-boats. They have got a strange substitute for ballast. Instead of



putting some heavy material in the bottom, they have a long pole which stretches out far beyond the boat, and on the far end of this a man sits in windy weather. Of course he has got a "soppy" situation! The sails, which are as long as the boat and only about half as broad as they are long, are made of a coarse fabric, a kind of straw matting, but serve the purpose very well indeed: for they sail rapidly. We passed a crew at anchor and engaged in fishing. This both interested and saddened us: for it was the Sabbath Day and showed us that they paid no regard to it. Indeed we had too strong proof of this ere the evening closed: for just as we came opposite Anjer the crews came off to us laden with provisions which the owners—the crew—sold for about half the price they asked for them at first. If this cuts both ways and proves that our Captain and crew had about as little reverence for the Sabbath as they had, I cannot help it. All I can say is that it is a pity it should be so; for not only is one day's rest in every seven necessary for the healthy and prolonged action of the physical frame, the devotion of this day to the contemplation of our great Creator and Redeemer has an eminently beneficial effect upon the moral and intellectual as well as the spiritual faculties of man. The difference in the condition of those nations (even provinces in the same nation as is seen among the cantons of Switzerland) which observe or desecrate it, places this beyond the doubt of every intelligent man. Yet how many thousands of our world regenerators advocate its profanation!

The natives of Java are of a light copper colour, and many of them possessed highly intelligent features. They whom we saw on Sabbath Day were quite naked

except that they had a piece of coloured cloth wrapped round the waist, which also reached down to their knees: but those whom we saw afterwards, i.e. on Monday, were clothed with trousers, shirt and turban or cap, and were altogether more respectable. These latter were Moham-medans and will eat no pork, but the others were heathen and would eat almost anything chewable. As we might have judged from their make and physiognomy, there are a variety of tribes among them, four or five I believe, but even the tallest and best proportioned man was not above five feet eight, while the majority are shorter; the less tall generally being thicker and plumper about the face. The others have sharper features and high cheek-bones.

They are keen traders and are said to be cheats and thieves; but though I would not wonder at it, for Englishmen and foreigners generally, to their disgrace be it said, think it quite right to steal from natives and cheat them if they can. Why, Englishmen until these few years ago would give them a gilded button for a whole basket full of cocoanuts or a dozen or two of fowl. Foreigners decry the natives for everything that is bad, but from what I have seen and heard I believe that foreigners are greatly to blame for it. For instance, it is quite a common thing for a few sailors to go into the interior of the country at some of whose ports they may be trading and enter houses, chase the terrified inhabitants out: look about them and take what they please. They even sometimes enter their sacred temples. I have heard them say—boasting of these things—Englishmen are masters everywhere! No wonder natives cheat and murder Englishmen when they can! Our Captain so screwed down the poor natives that they were nearly crying. The boats which came up to us on

Sabbath night had nothing but provisions, such as sweet potatoes, pumpkins, cocoanuts, plantains, etc., etc., fowls, etc., but those of Monday morning had in addition to these monkeys, parakeets, and a great variety of most beautiful birds. I was much pleased with the sight so different from anything seen at home. The sailors bought a great many of their goods, and gave them shirts, handkerchiefs, coats, etc., etc., in exchange. The fowls were extremely small, only about a month or so old. They have such a great sale here that they sell them before they reach their proper age; and it is believed they hatch them in the sun.

I need not attempt a description of the various kinds of fruit, for they are so unlike those at home that I could not give you any idea of them, except by a long, tedious statement. I should like, however, if our young friends would turn to some book on Botany where they will find a full account and perhaps a picture of them.

On Monday we sailed through the Java Sea and anchored at night near Leucipera—a very small island where turtle and pigeons are to be found. On the morning of the following day we weighed anchor and passed through the Leucipera passage—a very narrow and dangerous channel—and entered Banca Straits. Here we had the muddy coast of Sumatra on our left and the shores of Banca and some little islands on our right, but the scenery was very flat and uniform. The coast and inland of Sumatra are thickly wooded by a kind of trees called “poon trees,” the wood of which resembles mahogany. This island is also famous for its white pepper, betel-nut, ratton canes, etc. Nearly all our best tin is procured from the mines of Banca.

Many of the natives here are pirates, and often attack small vessels and even large ships, especially if these ships should happen to run aground on the many shoals which run out for miles into the sea. The cruelty and deception of Europeans have taught these persons to be merciless; and hence they massacre every man that falls into their hands. The Dutch to whom the Island of Java, and some other places in this quarter belongs, keep gunboats constantly sailing in these seas to prevent the occurrence of any such catastrophes.

The temperature here is very high, being 90° Far. in the shade, consequently we are all clothed in our white vestments, and seeking everywhere in the vessel for some cool retreat. As we approached the end of these straits we saw the fires burning on the coast of Banca, i.e. fires burning the tin ore. I should have mentioned that the Island of Banca belongs to the Dutch; but the northern side is inhabited by cannibals. On Thursday morning we entered the China Sea—crossed the Equator on Friday, 31st August. We got the South West Monsoon, but being late in the season it is very light. It got stronger afterwards.

I am sorry that circumstances have compelled us with these six weeks to change our opinion of the Captain and mate. The first thing that alarmed us was that the Captain began to indulge too freely in ardent spirits. He has been three or four times quite intoxicated, and that on the most critical occasions. Indeed, whenever storms or difficult navigation led him to be more on the look-out than usual he betakes himself to the bottle, and then there is no dealing with him. On one of the occasions he struck one of the Chinamen on the head with the end of a brush

E

and inflicted a very severe wound. The blood rushed dreadfully from his head, and I was at first much concerned about him, but he got quite better in a few days.

The Captain was drunk in the Straits of Banca—the most perilous part of our voyage—and here he went still greater lengths. He attacked a seaman who was delaying to perform a very unwelcome order and struck him with his closed fist on the face, head, breast, side; knocked him down once or twice, then kicked him most unmercifully—fortunately he had only slippers on else the man might have been killed. The man never offered to lift his hand, so that the attack was most brutal. Indeed it was the most brutal outrage ever I saw committed. I cried to him to desist, but this only inflamed him the more and he threatened to strike me, and I believe would have done so had I not providentially gone below for a moment so that I was not on the poop when he came back from abusing the man. When I went on deck again he was going about like a madman, showing his arms and declaring he was a match for any two on the ship—or words to that effect. The mate, too, has been following the Captain's example. But he is a coward of the basest and most despicable description—cruellest to the weak. Generally speaking, these captains and mates are inhuman and tyrannical wretches, and use the men as if they were brutes. Were I to tell you all the inhumanity I have seen—and heard boasted of—in this vessel, I would make your ears tingle. *The Merchant Service of Britain requires reformation to the very core.*

We had very favourable winds in the southern portion of the Chinese Sea, but when we entered the Formosa Channel we were becalmed and afterwards had head

winds. These things detained us about ten days, but afterwards favourable breezes carried us rapidly to our destination. We entered the (blank) on Saturday (blank) and would have reached Woosung that night had not our vessel run aground. This resulted from the drunkenness of the Captain and mate. These functionaries—especially the first—was as drunk as brandy could make him, and the mate little better. They began to debate some point with each other and neglected the cries of the man at the sounding lead who was constantly warning them that the water was becoming more shallow, and the consequence was as I have stated. And then a frightful scene occurred. The Captain became as furious as an enraged madman could be. He ran at the man who was throwing the lead, struck him, knocking him down, chased him over the ship, caught him again and I fear has somewhat seriously injured the man. After some trouble, the Captain giving the most ridiculous orders, the men with the help of the tide succeeded in getting the ship off.

We arrived at Woosung on Sabbath morning about half-past nine o'clock, and anchored there because wind and tide prevented us from going up to Shanghai. Woosung stands to Shanghai just as Greenock does to Glasgow, it being only fifteen miles by sea and nine miles by land from the last mentioned city. I may mention, to show that the Chinese have advanced greatly within these few years, that a Chinese pilot brought the ship from the place where we ran aground safely into the Shanghai harbour.

While we were lying at anchor at Woosung, Captain Baylis of one of the opium receiving ships came on board and handed me a letter from Dr. Lockhart intimating that Captain Baylis was a friend of his, and would gladly

take us to Shanghai in his own boat provided there was any likelihood of our being detained at Woosung by head winds. He kindly invited us to breakfast with him on the Monday morning and promised to convey us to Shanghai in the forenoon. We went and enjoyed ourselves very much: the breakfast was served up in the very first style in a large room; and for the first time we were attended by Chinese servants with tails reaching nearly to the ground. It was rather novel. There are seven receiving ships of that nature lying at Woosung, and they are heavily armed and manned. The East India Company and other merchants dare not land the opium in China, and they have therefore adopted this subterfuge. Fast clipper ships from India bring the opium and it is put on board these vessels, and then native Chinese boats and merchant's boats come and get it from them. It is a nefarious and deadly traffic. Would that it were stopped.

After breakfast we availed ourselves of Captain Baylis's kindness and proceeded to Shanghai, he himself accompanying us. The banks of the river were flat and uninteresting, but we enjoyed our sail. We were amused at the peculiar apparatus the Chinese have for fishing with, but I must defer a description of it as it is indescribable without the aid of drawings. When we arrived at Shanghai we were both surprised and delighted to see such a large number of vessels in the harbour. There were fifty-seven foreign ships of full tonnage, and *multitudes* of native Junk. This proves that the city is flourishing rapidly, for a few years ago it was thought a great matter if there were five ships in the harbour.

Captain Baylis left us for a few minutes when we

reached our destination, and then suddenly a gentleman clad in white attire came—rushed into the room in the boat, and dispensing with all ceremony caught us by the hands and cried: “Welcome to Shanghai, dear brothers and sisters,” and then after affectionately inquiring our names and telling us his own, etc., as suddenly and unceremoniously disappeared. Immediately there was a bustle on the beach and lo! four sedan chairs made their appearance, and into them he placed us, and off the bearers carried us and set us down at Dr. Medhurst’s door where rooms were provided until our own houses were ready.

This gentleman was Mr. Muirhead, and you must not imagine an impolite person from what I have just said, for he is quite the contrary: only he is a warm-hearted Scotchman and in the fullness of his heart he acted, caring for nothing but to get us right. He is indeed an excellent man, and I think we shall enjoy his and his lady’s society very much. The other members of the Mission are quite to our mind, and I have formed a very high opinion of Dr. Medhurst: he is amiable, considerate and affectionate in his private character, and at the same time a hard student and active preacher, for though he has been nearly forty years in the mission field in Java, etc., and here, he takes his full share of the preaching engagements of the Mission and preaches with the greatest liveliness, for I have already heard him. Their large family, twelve in number, have all grown up and left them, except a young girl about the age of fourteen. The sons are all in respectable and highly responsible positions, and the daughters well married. They move in the highest circles here, and on the first day of our arrival the



Consul—British—called to see them and we were introduced to his Excellency. Since that Mr. John and I together with Dr. M. called to see him, and he received us very kindly indeed. We have also called upon nearly all the missionaries here, and many of them have already returned our visit. It is the fashion here for “new-comers” to call first. There are about forty-five missionaries here belonging to various Societies in England and America, and I wish I could say that they all acted in harmony. I trust, however, that this shall soon be the case. The dispute about “Shangtee”—God—has produced much unfriendly feeling.

With regard to the country I can say very little yet. It is flat, monotonous, and much intersected by canals of a peculiar kind, i.e. their banks are very bad and the tide goes up them a very long way. To-day I was through a number of fields: saw a buffalo ploughing with one of these Chinese ploughs which is really a curiosity. You will see descriptions and pictures of them in every book in the country. I also walked through cotton fields; saw the women picking the ripe cotton which when sold is sold at the rate of sevenpence per pound. Then plots of melons, shallot, yams, etc., etc. There are sparrows, magpies, and thousands of pheasants in the fields here. We have also ducks and hens, pigs, shepherd dogs, sheep, cattle, horses, etc., while every morning we are delighted with the song of the mavis in the shrubbery before our house.

The foreign settlement here is somewhat like an English town; only the streets are constantly thronged with tailed Chinese in their peculiar costume, and hundreds of coolies carrying tea, bricks, rice, etc., and crying

as they "toddle" along with the chests on long bamboo poles, "hau, ha, hau ha." The city itself is very dilapidated at present, great parts of it in ruins: temples unroofed and unwindowed, the walls broken here and there, and many other traces of the recent blockade the city sustained from the Government troops, it being in the possession of the Rebels at that time. The streets of the city are very numerous and very narrow. You might stand in the centre and touch the shops on either side with your hands. Nearly all Eastern cities have narrow streets, and this for the sake of coolness; for the rays of the sun are thus prevented from falling on the passers by. The streets are *very dirty*; every kind of nuisance may be seen and smelt in them. The shops are small but of every description as to trade, and the people are industrious. Our Mission has two or three chapels in the city where the missionaries can get hundreds to listen *attentively* to them whenever they choose to open the door or to stand up in the open air. The country around, too, for many miles is all open. Mr. Muirhead and Mr. Wylie and Mr. Burns of Amoy have been itinerating lately, and have been very much encouraged. You will get full accounts from the Missionary Magazine.

Regarding the Rebellion (Taiping) I can say but little. It is still keeping its ground in the north; and other interesting pamphlets have come to hand which have been published by them. You will find them and all the news detailed in the newspapers I send along with this.

But I must conclude this journal, and cannot do so without requesting you to unite with me and my dear wife in rendering hearty thanks to our Heavenly Father for all His mercies towards us. He has preserved us on

the perilous deep; He has provided us with kind friends—and He continues with us, blessing us and doing us good. Every good and every perfect gift comes from Him, and therefore to Him and to Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and to the Holy Spirit be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

(Signed) ALEXANDER WILLIAMSON.

September 29th, 1855.

PS.—This journal has been written in every variety of circumstances; in sunshine and storm, in health and sickness, in calms and tossings; therefore you will find every kind of composition in it. I trust, however, that my friends will consider this and excuse the various inelegancies they will meet with. I intend it only for the perusal of relatives and *do hope it will not be* shown to — (Last word missing as the corner is torn off.)

## INTRODUCTION TO 1904 DIARY

THE second diary was kept on a journey to China nearly fifty years after the adventures of the *Hamilla Mitchell*; and here again the informal record of ordinary daily incidents was never intended for publication, or it would naturally have been in print long ago. It was not even meant for relations like the first journal, and served mainly to fill idle hours and divert the diarist's mind from some pressing anxieties.

The s.s. *Kaiser Wilhelm II* on which we crossed the Atlantic was then considered almost the last word in size and grandeur, while the s.s. *Gaelic* in her heyday—some years before we went in her—had earned the proud name of “Greyhound of the Atlantic” embossed on her note-paper, on account of her great speed, since she could do fourteen knots as a rule, and sixteen on a spurt. She was certainly very comfortable and a thoroughly good sea boat, being free from the immense weight of “upper-works,” the pride of the modern liner. As will appear, we were remarkably lucky in our Skipper, Captain William Finch, who about a dozen years later distinguished himself in the Great War, being decorated with the Order of the British Empire, and also belonging to the Royal Naval Reserve. He is described in the diary, and was the most popular and efficient Commander we ever met or travelled with.

Strange to say, conditions of travel by land have altered much less than those at sea, as we found in 1921 when we repeated the trip of 1904 from New York to California via New Orleans and El Paso. The trains and coaches seemed about the same, and also the speed; but probably the whole system has been developed since, with the rest of modern methods.

In the leisurely Edwardian days of our trip there was of course no radio at all, motor cars were few even in the United States, and moving pictures were in a decidedly experimental stage to be seen here and there, generally introduced by a scientific gentleman who blandly pointed out how wonderful they were. As for what was called the Conquest of the Air, great hopes were entertained that in time men might fly important distances, hopes that were realized in 1909, some five years later, when the intrepid French airman, Monsieur Bleriot, risked everything and actually crossed the Straits in a 'plane and landed safely at Dover—to thrill the whole world!

It is scarcely possible for the younger generation to appreciate the social structure of only thirty years back, so amazingly have things changed and generally progressed; and it is a conscious effort even for those of us who existed then to recapture the exact atmosphere. But we are helped to do this when we read once again the simple annals of our daily experiences whether at home or abroad, jotted down just as they happened, and of little importance at the moment, although illustrative now of a slower, safer and in some ways a better age.

# DIARY OF A JOURNEY TO CHINA

VIA NEW YORK, NEW ORLEANS,

EL PASO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO,

AND HONOLULU

MARCH TO MAY, 1904



## VOYAGE DIARY

### SECTION I

Leaving London and Southampton — Cherbourg — Atlantic —  
Arriving New York—March 29th-April 5th, 1904.

*Southampton. Tuesday, March 29th, 1904. South Western Hotel, en route for the Kaiser Wilhelm II, otherwise the Rolling Billy.* We left London by the six o'clock train, with quite a crowd to see us off. W. and L., Willie, Mrs. Little, Leonard and Ray, the Saunders Lloyds, and Mr. Chen. It was a busy day. The boys came to lunch, a meal at which I could not appear!

After lunch I went to say good-bye to Mrs. Campbell *en route* to Waterloo. Saw her and Louie and Gordon. Then drove in a four-wheeler via High Street, Kensington, Buckingham Gate, etc., over Westminster Bridge to Waterloo. Had a farewell look at Big Ben. This is the fifth time I have left London—in 1878, 1883, 1896, and 1900 being the former occasions. I felt worst in 1896. I think I suffered less in my mind this time than I have ever done before!

We bought *Tit-Bits* and the *Pall Mall*, and found a *Globe* in the carriage. And in my handbag I had Lamb and Dante, chosen from Boswell, Don Quixote and Pepys. I thought these two were a good range that would fit any mood. Wrote six post cards—W. and L. (2), Agatha, Mrs.



Chester, Henry Houndle, and a letter to the dear Ma.

This is the first stage of our long journey, and how does one feel? My strongest emotion at this moment is that ink pellets are a fraud. I like black ink. I put *four* pellets into my little inkstand, and this is all I get. My three cameras are all charged with spools, and I hope for a snap or two to-morrow. (Ink pellets act better in a fountain pen!)

*March 30th.* On board. Jol seasick and I getting near it. Had an adventure in Southampton. Met a woman in the tram whose son is at Deer Farm, Virdon, Manitoba. Name Bernard Warmesley (so I understood). Originally came from Liverpool.

*April 2nd, Saturday (Easter Eve), 1904.* We have had a bad time since Wednesday, Jol especially. He has been dreadfully seasick. All Thursday he never kept any food down. Strange to say, I have not been what W. calls "vomit," but I have seldom felt "queerer." However, to-day it has been mitigated misery. On Thursday and yesterday it was unmitigated, or nearly so. But to-day Jol dressed after breakfast and went up on deck, where he made the acquaintance of the Captain. The Captain has been in China and knows the Detrings, etc. After a frugal but nice lunch off (or on?) a couple of mouthfuls of Rhine salmon brandered, black bread and baked apple with cream, I felt in sufficient spirits to get out my lace-work which I bought in Southampton at my last gasp. I also sampled Lamb and Dante. Both stand the test of seasickness, but perhaps the "dark and gloomy spirit of Dante" is more to one's taste at this moment. Poor Dante! He was also an exile and a wanderer, hence the "Divine Comedy." Lamb is a softer and friendlier soul,

and yet he made quite as good a show in life as Dante did. I agree with Austin Birrell's estimate of Lamb's moral character (somewhere in "Obiter Dicta") where he says that Coleridge constructed theories of the Universe, but Lamb did what was far more difficult—he played Cribbage every evening with his ailing and half-imbecile father. Very true! And one loves Mr. Birrell for saying so, though he is a "vile Whig" who goes for my dear Joseph Chamberlain. But to my diary. Our port has been open nearly all day, and I took two snaps through it (No. o) of what some "poick" calls the illimitable ocean. I wish I had never had the ill luck to get afloat on the said illimitable ocean. Do I hate the sea? I should think I did. But I admire it as a picture. One never gets used to the strangeness and majesty of it, and Byron's lines (of course) come back (very imperfectly) to my (very sketchy) memory. I couldn't quote one verse accurately to save my life, but the impression remains and fits in with the impression I get when I look out at the port-hole. There are the eternal waters, restless and whitecapped. My poor father, in the boyish journal he kept in 1855 on his first voyage out to China, quotes some verses from a duet my mother's sisters, Jessie and Agnes, sang, ending:

"Can we think without emotion  
What must thy Creator be?"

And why not drag in Paul Dombey and "The sea! What is it that it keeps on saying?" If I were not such a bad sailor—such a *very* bad sailor—I dare say I should love the sea. One thing I am sure of, and that is, you can't get a true impression of the sea from the land. You must be on the waters themselves, preferably out of sight of

shore. Then the spirit of the Deep gets hold even of a bad sailor. And one thinks of the Ancient Mariner and the Albatross. Whoever really appreciated that poem on land? I do not. But as soon as I get to sea again, once more the awful fascination of the story comes back. How many of the Seven Seas have I sailed on? The North and South Atlantic, the North Pacific and the Indian Ocean. The Arctic and the Antarctic I hope never to come near, but I should like a glance at the Southern Pacific. (D.V.) We shall come near its margin at Honolulu.

Perhaps one ought to say a word about the s.s. *Kaiser Wilhelm II*. The first thing I did on board was to lose my way and get frightened. It is an immense boat. The saloon is a combination of hotel, winter garden and theatre. The drawing-room is as large as most saloons, and one or two of the decks are magnificent. (I say one or two, not having seen them all.) It is twenty thousand tons, about double the size of the *König Albert*. But she is not such a comfortable boat. We heard one passenger say she was called *The Rolling Billy*—not a respectable name, but very apt. The vibration is unceasing and severe, and she rolls on quite ridiculous provocation. It is a case of extremes meet, and one feels as if one were back over the dear old screw of one's youth. Our cabin is No. 214, with two bunks, two wash-basins, a cupboard and a sofa. We are one storey above the saloon. Our cabin steward is a delightful person who might have come out of a comic opera. He is very obliging, rather stout, and wears a ring. The most amusing thing is to see him make the beds. These puzzled us the first night, as the sheet seemed to envelope the blanket in some mysterious way. To-day he changed the sheets and I found that

these are made bag-shape and the blanket is put inside. It is not a bad idea as it keeps the blanket clean, and also keeps it off one. I don't like the sensation of touching a blanket. Especially I dislike it on my face.

I haven't mentioned Cherbourg, but we put in there to pick up passengers. It is a funny looking place, with sinister fortifications and rather a toy-like town. But that might have been the effect of distance. There was such a horrid cold wind blowing that I could not examine the shore thoroughly. Travelling is always detestable (to me), but I think a high, cold wind makes matters worse.

I don't know what has gone wrong with my fountain-pen once more. If they worked, fountain-pens would be a boon and a blessing. But in my hands they won't work. This is my fourth nib, I think—certainly the third and it is rapidly getting to be as bad as the others. Why? I have no idea. But I will go back to my lacework. Perhaps the pen will feel more like behaving itself to-morrow.

*Easter Day, April 3rd, 1904.* (This, by the way, is T. D. Moorhead's birthday, 1861, and Annie Innocent's deathday, 1881. She was nineteen and a half.) This is the third Easter I have been at sea—in 1881, April 17th, 1902, March 30th, and to-day. I feel rather seedy and in want of rest as usual. But I got a comforting oracle from the date block:

“Beyond the darker hour to see the bright,  
The still-fulfilling promise of a light,  
Narrowing the bounds of night.”

—TENNYSON.

I managed to get out to lunch and we picked up a Canadian acquaintance from Montreal. She seems nice.

F

We had tea with her. I am not violently fond of all Americans, but I like most Canadians. (Oh, this pen!) What makes this one act so scan'lous? I wish I knew. Then perhaps I could apply proper discipline, or touch their wicked hearts in some way. One might think this pen was empty, but I filled it myself only yesterday.

We got the passenger list, and read thereon the name of Seth F. Low. This was exciting, as we thought it might be the ex-mayor of New York. But once more it was a case of "Gambetta's cousin." As Daudet said, it is never Gambetta.

*Easter Monday, April 4th, 1904.* I washed my patent pen on a sudden inspiration, and it seems inclined to work. I hope its amiable humour will last. What of to-day? I must leave it until after dinner.

Well, after dinner? It has not been a bad day on the whole, though wretchedly cold. I stayed in the cabin until lunch, then I did some lacework upstairs, and then saw Mrs. Dawes, my Canadian acquaintance. Her husband joined us and we all had tea in the saloon. After tea and talk I tried to write to Wilfrid, but the pen was bad and my wits were nowhere. So I sewed lace until dinner. At dinner we had an Illuminated Ice on a much grander scale than we are accustomed to on the Far Eastern Boats. Oddly enough there were no English flags on the cakes, nor Russian—and very few French. All American. Perhaps it is because I have dined, but I have very few ideas to-night, except a feeling of thankfulness that some of our sea travelling is over. We are sailing right into the setting sun every afternoon, and the effect is somehow rather melancholy. I watched it this afternoon, and it made one quite low. It is the combination of the

great waste of waters, a very cold gale and the slowly sinking sun. When darkness falls on the face of the ocean it gives a very lonely effect. I could not help thinking of castaways in boats or on rafts, and how they must feel when the sun sets and leaves them to the awful desolation of the sea. It must be extremely terrible to be adrift on a raft. Last night I picked up a *Wide World Magazine* and read some stories of shipwreck somewhere near Canada. How cheerful these little anecdotes seem when one is at sea!

*April 5th, Tuesday.* Getting near New York. Very cold, but calm so far. We are in a state of beautiful uncertainty as regards plans, and don't even know what hotel to patronize. I like a small hostelry in preference to a sky-scraper. Not much to chronicle to-day, except a touching *billet-doux* which Jol found nearly stuck in his boot-laces, inscribed: "The Porter." This is very delicate. We suppose he is not allowed to come up and hunt tips in person.

I am still afflicted with a dearth of ideas. I think it is the cold. Four o'clock has just sounded—eight bells. It is very seldom one hears the bells on this ship. I am rather partial to them. I even like to hear the step of the A.B. or Quartermaster as he goes up to strike them, and the jerk of the rope. But that means a very small steamer. The sea is untamable, but ships are getting civilized (?) out of all nice old sea-dogs ways. One idea occurs to me. It is to record the nasty smells in our cabin. We are very near the men's bathroom, but that would not account for all the odours. I fear German ships are not so clean as British ones, yet the stewards look cleaner than ours, if anything.

Consul—British—called to see them and we were introduced to his Excellency. Since that Mr. John and I together with Dr. M. called to see him, and he received us very kindly indeed. We have also called upon nearly all the missionaries here, and many of them have already returned our visit. It is the fashion here for “new-comers” to call first. There are about forty-five missionaries here belonging to various Societies in England and America, and I wish I could say that they all acted in harmony. I trust, however, that this shall soon be the case. The dispute about “Shangtee”—God—has produced much unfriendly feeling.

With regard to the country I can say very little yet. It is flat, monotonous, and much intersected by canals of a peculiar kind, i.e. their banks are very bad and the tide goes up them a very long way. To-day I was through a number of fields: saw a buffalo ploughing with one of these Chinese ploughs which is really a curiosity. You will see descriptions and pictures of them in every book in the country. I also walked through cotton fields; saw the women picking the ripe cotton which when sold is sold at the rate of sevenpence per pound. Then plots of melons, shallot, yams, etc., etc. There are sparrows, magpies, and thousands of pheasants in the fields here. We have also ducks and hens, pigs, shepherd dogs, sheep, cattle, horses, etc., while every morning we are delighted with the song of the mavis in the shrubbery before our house.

The foreign settlement here is somewhat like an English town; only the streets are constantly thronged with tailed Chinese in their peculiar costume, and hundreds of coolies carrying tea, bricks, rice, etc., and crying

as they "toddle" along with the chests on long bamboo poles, "hau, ha, hau ha." The city itself is very dilapidated at present, great parts of it in ruins: temples unroofed and unwindowed, the walls broken here and there, and many other traces of the recent blockade the city sustained from the Government troops, it being in the possession of the Rebels at that time. The streets of the city are very numerous and very narrow. You might stand in the centre and touch the shops on either side with your hands. Nearly all Eastern cities have narrow streets, and this for the sake of coolness; for the rays of the sun are thus prevented from falling on the passers by. The streets are *very dirty*; every kind of nuisance may be seen and smelt in them. The shops are small but of every description as to trade, and the people are industrious. Our Mission has two or three chapels in the city where the missionaries can get hundreds to listen *attentively* to them whenever they choose to open the door or to stand up in the open air. The country around, too, for many miles is all open. Mr. Muirhead and Mr. Wylie and Mr. Burns of Amoy have been itinerating lately, and have been very much encouraged. You will get full accounts from the Missionary Magazine.

Regarding the Rebellion (Taiping) I can say but little. It is still keeping its ground in the north; and other interesting pamphlets have come to hand which have been published by them. You will find them and all the news detailed in the newspapers I send along with this.

But I must conclude this journal, and cannot do so without requesting you to unite with me and my dear wife in rendering hearty thanks to our Heavenly Father for all His mercies towards us. He has preserved us on



the perilous deep; He has provided us with kind friends— and He continues with us, blessing us and doing us good. Every good and every perfect gift comes from Him, and therefore to Him and to Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and to the Holy Spirit be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

(Signed) ALEXANDER WILLIAMSON.

September 29th, 1855.

PS.—This journal has been written in every variety of circumstances; in sunshine and storm, in health and sickness, in calms and tossings; therefore you will find every kind of composition in it. I trust, however, that my friends will consider this and excuse the various inelegancies they will meet with. I intend it only for the perusal of relatives and *do hope it will not be shown to* — (Last word missing as the corner is torn off.)

## INTRODUCTION TO 1904 DIARY

THE second diary was kept on a journey to China nearly fifty years after the adventures of the *Hamilla Mitchell*; and here again the informal record of ordinary daily incidents was never intended for publication, or it would naturally have been in print long ago. It was not even meant for relations like the first journal, and served mainly to fill idle hours and divert the diarist's mind from some pressing anxieties.

The s.s. *Kaiser Wilhelm II* on which we crossed the Atlantic was then considered almost the last word in size and grandeur, while the s.s. *Gaelic* in her heyday—some years before we went in her—had earned the proud name of “Greyhound of the Atlantic” embossed on her note-paper, on account of her great speed, since she could do fourteen knots as a rule, and sixteen on a spurt. She was certainly very comfortable and a thoroughly good sea boat, being free from the immense weight of “upper-works,” the pride of the modern liner. As will appear, we were remarkably lucky in our Skipper, Captain William Finch, who about a dozen years later distinguished himself in the Great War, being decorated with the Order of the British Empire, and also belonging to the Royal Naval Reserve. He is described in the diary, and was the most popular and efficient Commander we ever met or travelled with.

Strange to say, conditions of travel by land have altered much less than those at sea, as we found in 1921 when we repeated the trip of 1904 from New York to California via New Orleans and El Paso. The trains and coaches seemed about the same, and also the speed; but probably the whole system has been developed since, with the rest of modern methods.

In the leisurely Edwardian days of our trip there was of course no radio at all, motor cars were few even in the United States, and moving pictures were in a decidedly experimental stage to be seen here and there, generally introduced by a scientific gentleman who blandly pointed out how wonderful they were. As for what was called the Conquest of the Air, great hopes were entertained that in time men might fly important distances, hopes that were realized in 1909, some five years later, when the intrepid French airman, Monsieur Bleriot, risked everything and actually crossed the Straits in a 'plane and landed safely at Dover—to thrill the whole world!

It is scarcely possible for the younger generation to appreciate the social structure of only thirty years back, so amazingly have things changed and generally progressed; and it is a conscious effort even for those of us who existed then to recapture the exact atmosphere. But we are helped to do this when we read once again the simple annals of our daily experiences whether at home or abroad, jotted down just as they happened, and of little importance at the moment, although illustrative now of a slower, safer and in some ways a better age.

# DIARY OF A JOURNEY TO CHINA

VIA NEW YORK, NEW ORLEANS,  
EL PASO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO,  
AND HONOLULU  
MARCH TO MAY, 1904



## VOYAGE DIARY

### SECTION I

Leaving London and Southampton — Cherbourg — Atlantic —  
Arriving New York—March 29th-April 5th, 1904.

*Southampton. Tuesday, March 29th, 1904. South Western Hotel, en route for the Kaiser Wilhelm II, otherwise the Rolling Billy.* We left London by the six o'clock train, with quite a crowd to see us off. W. and L., Willie, Mrs. Little, Leonard and Ray, the Saunders Lloyds, and Mr. Chen. It was a busy day. The boys came to lunch, a meal at which I could not appear!

After lunch I went to say good-bye to Mrs. Campbell *en route* to Waterloo. Saw her and Louie and Gordon. Then drove in a four-wheeler via High Street, Kensington, Buckingham Gate, etc., over Westminster Bridge to Waterloo. Had a farewell look at Big Ben. This is the fifth time I have left London—in 1878, 1883, 1896, and 1900 being the former occasions. I felt worst in 1896. I think I suffered less in my mind this time than I have ever done before!

We bought *Tit-Bits* and the *Pall Mall*, and found a *Globe* in the carriage. And in my handbag I had Lamb and Dante, chosen from Boswell, Don Quixote and Pepys. I thought these two were a good range that would fit any mood. Wrote six post cards—W. and L. (2), Agatha, Mrs.

Chester, Henry Houndle, and a letter to the dear Ma.

This is the first stage of our long journey, and how does one feel? My strongest emotion at this moment is that ink pellets are a fraud. I like black ink. I put *four* pellets into my little inkstand, and this is all I get. My three cameras are all charged with spools, and I hope for a snap or two to-morrow. (Ink pellets act better in a fountain pen!)

*March 30th.* On board. Jol seasick and I getting near it. Had an adventure in Southampton. Met a woman in the tram whose son is at Deer Farm, Virdon, Manitoba. Name Bernard Warmsley (so I understood). Originally came from Liverpool.

*April 2nd, Saturday (Easter Eve), 1904.* We have had a bad time since Wednesday, Jol especially. He has been dreadfully seasick. All Thursday he never kept any food down. Strange to say, I have not been what W. calls "vomity," but I have seldom felt "queerer." However, to-day it has been mitigated misery. On Thursday and yesterday it was unmitigated, or nearly so. But to-day Jol dressed after breakfast and went up on deck, where he made the acquaintance of the Captain. The Captain has been in China and knows the Detrings, etc. After a frugal but nice lunch off (or on?) a couple of mouthfuls of Rhine salmon brandered, black bread and baked apple with cream, I felt in sufficient spirits to get out my lace-work which I bought in Southampton at my last gasp. I also sampled Lamb and Dante. Both stand the test of seasickness, but perhaps the "dark and gloomy spirit of Dante" is more to one's taste at this moment. Poor Dante! He was also an exile and a wanderer, hence the "Divine Comedy." Lamb is a softer and friendlier soul,

and yet he made quite as good a show in life as Dante did. I agree with Austin Birrell's estimate of Lamb's moral character (somewhere in "Obiter Dicta") where he says that Coleridge constructed theories of the Universe, but Lamb did what was far more difficult—he played Cribbage every evening with his ailing and half-imbecile father. Very true! And one loves Mr. Birrell for saying so, though he is a "vile Whig" who goes for my dear Joseph Chamberlain. But to my diary. Our port has been open nearly all day, and I took two snaps through it (No. o) of what some "poick" calls the illimitable ocean. I wish I had never had the ill luck to get afloat on the said illimitable ocean. Do I hate the sea? I should think I did. But I admire it as a picture. One never gets used to the strangeness and majesty of it, and Byron's lines (of course) come back (very imperfectly) to my (very sketchy) memory. I couldn't quote one verse accurately to save my life, but the impression remains and fits in with the impression I get when I look out at the port-hole. There are the eternal waters, restless and whitecapped. My poor father, in the boyish journal he kept in 1855 on his first voyage out to China, quotes some verses from a duet my mother's sisters, Jessie and Agnes, sang, ending:

"Can we think without emotion  
What must thy Creator be?"

And why not drag in Paul Dombey and "The sea! What is it that it keeps on saying?" If I were not such a bad sailor—such a *very* bad sailor—I dare say I should love the sea. One thing I am sure of, and that is, you can't get a true impression of the sea from the land. You must be on the waters themselves, preferably out of sight of



shore. Then the spirit of the Deep gets hold even of a bad sailor. And one thinks of the Ancient Mariner and the Albatross. Whoever really appreciated that poem on land? I do not. But as soon as I get to sea again, once more the awful fascination of the story comes back. How many of the Seven Seas have I sailed on? The North and South Atlantic, the North Pacific and the Indian Ocean. The Arctic and the Antarctic I hope never to come near, but I should like a glance at the Southern Pacific. (D.V.) We shall come near its margin at Honolulu.

Perhaps one ought to say a word about the s.s. *Kaiser Wilhelm II*. The first thing I did on board was to lose my way and get frightened. It is an immense boat. The saloon is a combination of hotel, winter garden and theatre. The drawing-room is as large as most saloons, and one or two of the decks are magnificent. (I say one or two, not having seen them all.) It is twenty thousand tons, about double the size of the *König Albert*. But she is not such a comfortable boat. We heard one passenger say she was called *The Rolling Billy*—not a respectable name, but very apt. The vibration is unceasing and severe, and she rolls on quite ridiculous provocation. It is a case of extremes meet, and one feels as if one were back over the dear old screw of one's youth. Our cabin is No. 214, with two bunks, two wash-basins, a cupboard and a sofa. We are one storey above the saloon. Our cabin steward is a delightful person who might have come out of a comic opera. He is very obliging, rather stout, and wears a ring. The most amusing thing is to see him make the beds. These puzzled us the first night, as the sheet seemed to envelope the blanket in some mysterious way. To-day he changed the sheets and I found that

these are made bag-shape and the blanket is put inside. It is not a bad idea as it keeps the blanket clean, and also keeps it off one. I don't like the sensation of touching a blanket. Especially I dislike it on my face.

I haven't mentioned Cherbourg, but we put in there to pick up passengers. It is a funny looking place, with sinister fortifications and rather a toy-like town. But that might have been the effect of distance. There was such a horrid cold wind blowing that I could not examine the shore thoroughly. Travelling is always detestable (to me), but I think a high, cold wind makes matters worse.

I don't know what has gone wrong with my fountain-pen once more. If they worked, fountain-pens would be a boon and a blessing. But in my hands they won't work. This is my fourth nib, I think—certainly the third and it is rapidly getting to be as bad as the others. Why? I have no idea. But I will go back to my lacework. Perhaps the pen will feel more like behaving itself to-morrow.

*Easter Day, April 3rd, 1904.* (This, by the way, is T. D. Moorhead's birthday, 1861, and Annie Innocent's deathday, 1881. She was nineteen and a half.) This is the third Easter I have been at sea—in 1881, April 17th, 1902, March 30th, and to-day. I feel rather seedy and in want of rest as usual. But I got a comforting oracle from the date block :

“Beyond the darker hour to see the bright,  
The still-fulfilling promise of a light,  
Narrowing the bounds of night.”

—TENNYSON.

I managed to get out to lunch and we picked up a Canadian acquaintance from Montreal. She seems nice.

F

We had tea with her. I am not violently fond of all Americans, but I like most Canadians. (Oh, this pen!) What makes this one act so scan'lous? I wish I knew. Then perhaps I could apply proper discipline, or touch their wicked hearts in some way. One might think this pen was empty, but I filled it myself only yesterday.

We got the passenger list, and read thereon the name of Seth F. Low. This was exciting, as we thought it might be the ex-mayor of New York. But once more it was a case of "Gambetta's cousin." As Daudet said, it is never Gambetta.

*Easter Monday, April 4th, 1904.* I washed my patent pen on a sudden inspiration, and it seems inclined to work. I hope its amiable humour will last. What of to-day? I must leave it until after dinner.

Well, after dinner? It has not been a bad day on the whole, though wretchedly cold. I stayed in the cabin until lunch, then I did some lacework upstairs, and then saw Mrs. Dawes, my Canadian acquaintance. Her husband joined us and we all had tea in the saloon. After tea and talk I tried to write to Wilfrid, but the pen was bad and my wits were nowhere. So I sewed lace until dinner. At dinner we had an Illuminated Ice on a much grander scale than we are accustomed to on the Far Eastern Boats. Oddly enough there were no English flags on the cakes, nor Russian—and very few French. All American. Perhaps it is because I have dined, but I have very few ideas to-night, except a feeling of thankfulness that some of our sea travelling is over. We are sailing right into the setting sun every afternoon, and the effect is somehow rather melancholy. I watched it this afternoon, and it made one quite low. It is the combination of the

great waste of waters, a very cold gale and the slowly sinking sun. When darkness falls on the face of the ocean it gives a very lonely effect. I could not help thinking of castaways in boats or on rafts, and how they must feel when the sun sets and leaves them to the awful desolation of the sea. It must be extremely terrible to be adrift on a raft. Last night I picked up a *Wide World Magazine* and read some stories of shipwreck somewhere near Canada. How cheerful these little anecdotes seem when one is at sea!

*April 5th, Tuesday.* Getting near New York. Very cold, but calm so far. We are in a state of beautiful uncertainty as regards plans, and don't even know what hotel to patronize. I like a small hostelry in preference to a sky-scraper. Not much to chronicle to-day, except a touching *billet-doux* which Jol found nearly stuck in his boot-laces, inscribed: "The Porter." This is very delicate. We suppose he is not allowed to come up and hunt tips in person.

I am still afflicted with a dearth of ideas. I think it is the cold. Four o'clock has just sounded—eight bells. It is very seldom one hears the bells on this ship. I am rather partial to them. I even like to hear the step of the A.B. or Quartermaster as he goes up to strike them, and the jerk of the rope. But that means a very small steamer. The sea is untamable, but ships are getting civilized (?) out of all nice old sea-dogs ways. One idea occurs to me. It is to record the nasty smells in our cabin. We are very near the men's bathroom, but that would not account for all the odours. I fear German ships are not so clean as British ones, yet the stewards look cleaner than ours, if anything.

I haven't been reading as I find it makes my head ache. Instead I have been doing (point) lacework. One of my patterns is charming, but the "Enid Cravat" is badly planned. In a good pattern the braid can be sewn on continuously—perhaps in two lines. But in the "Enid," one is always reduced to the embarrassing choice of cutting or doubling. As it is a narrow pattern and a thin braid I am inclined to double.

Somewhere after seven o'clock. Here we are and the Customs are on board! Wrote to Louis, Wilfrid and Uncle Henry. Of our journey we have done say a quarter (D.G.), and we are little the worse. And on the whole, I think, the Atlantic is the least interesting bit of the whole tour. The motto for to-morrow is "taken at the flood," etc., etc. Let us always act on it.

Ten p.m. It was decided that we stay on board to-night—after we had been hurried in to a too early dinner and had packed up. By the way, I am getting like Marian Halcombe of "The Woman in White"—always writing in my diary. Or Clarissa Harlowe. And neither of them had a fountain-pen. Perhaps if they had possessed one like mine it would have checked their ardour. It is very fascinating to begin writing about one's daily life, as there is always something to add. For example, to-night I have had two new experiences in a small way: seeing a crowd of rather middle-aged American men "goating" round a piano, and a ball on deck for the second class. They were a funny crowd, nearly all German, not very prosperous-looking. Very few would dance, but one man bounced like anything. They had been rather upset by not being allowed to land, and this dance was to keep them in good humour. In a stolid way they seemed to like the very

loud music. How queer the world is, all divided into little sets, each unaware of its neighbours! On the whole I think I like England and China best, which is lucky as there we have to live. "Always like what you get, if you can't get what you like." I like peace and quiet as well as anything, and I get a little of it at times. But now I must stop and drink the cocoa I screwed out of Meyer's rather unwilling understudy. (Meyer is our comic-opera steward.) I try the "One Before" game from Barry Pain's book. It does very well with ninety-nine people out of a hundred. Not with Jol, unluckily, but then he knows about it, and he plays it himself much better than I do.

## SECTION II

Notes on New York City — Cincinnati — Train Journey —  
Mississippi—Approaching New Orleans—Seeing the Old  
South—April 7th-12th, 1904.

*7th April, Thursday night.* I am writing in a somewhat odd place—namely the sleeping bunk *en route* to Cincinnati. We landed in New York yesterday morning, after a protracted but amiable conference with the Custom authorities. Went to the Belvidere near Union Square, took a room on the European plan, i.e. going out to meals. We looked for the Dairy Kitchen (of 1890), but it was gone, and “Child’s” had taken its place. “Child’s” is equally good. We went out towards Harlem in the Elevated Railroad and came back via trams. Then we saw the Flatiron, and I lost my heart to it. Such a wonderful building! It has quite a dainty appearance. In the evening we went a tram ride and got into a regular squash (of the rush hours). Then we walked about and looked at the theatres. Nothing tempted us in, perhaps because we were so tired.

To-day we went a ride towards some Ferry and saw a most marvellous Bridge (Brooklyn). But generally speaking New York is disappointing and ugly and vulgar. I have seldom seen a more uninteresting city. And the people are tired and indifferent. I wrote to Wilfrid and sent him and Louis some cards. The other members of

the family I must leave until we get to New Orleans. By the way, we made an acquaintance in the Central Station, rather an interesting man who turns out to be a lawyer and an Englishman by birth, now naturalized as an American. He is a Liverpool man, but we have not learnt his name.

Now I must stop and try and get to sleep. There is a blazing electric light in my berth which is very distracting, but perhaps they will put it out. I like railway travelling so far. It is more agreeable than the sea. For instance, to-morrow we shall have four hours in Cincinnati, and can go a tram ride, etc., etc. Then we go on to New Orleans by the six o'clock train and arrive (D.V.) about eight-thirty on Saturday. I hope for post cards in Cincinnati. These were not good in New York. I must not forget my photography. I took six No. 0, and four No. 3, and five No. 1. We bought four six-exposure spools of No. 0 in Fourteenth Street. I hope to get some snaps to-morrow.

*Sardis. Mississippi. April 9th.* We are having a lovely run through Mississippi. Yesterday we were at Cincinnati, horrid place with a high wind. Had tea at "Riggs'," then went a tram ride to the little Buck town. Sent off three post cards to W. and one to L. Had a bad night on the train as there was steam on. We had two invalids, a young man on a stretcher and an old Southern Colonel fading away with paralysis. We got to Memphis rather late. Just outside we caught sight of little black pigs, one of which skipped along with the train. We also saw two coloured belles, one in a bright green coat and scarlet skirt. It was all so like "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (By the way, our New York sleeper was called "Devonia" No. 8, and this one is "Anjou" No. 12.)



We have met a cold snap in the Mississippi Valley. It is (of course) "unheard of." At Memphis we saw the great brown river, with a river boat—just like Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi." I got a snap or two of the squalors of Cincinnati, but there is no sun as a rule. I hope the Pacific side will be more favourable for photography. We have had bad weather so far. This is my birthday. It is very interesting and amusing to spend it watching the Mississippi landscape and townships. I could bring myself to live here, but not in Ohio.

We have been sampling their papers. What a country! In the Cleveland paper there was an account of robbing a bank with nitro-glycerine. Demos and Mammon between them are wrecking the U.S.A. It is a curious fact that "where there is no vision the people perish." In many ways China is superior to America. I certainly would rather live there than here. But the farther one wanders the more one realizes that there is no place like England. Talking of the cold snap, it seems that North and South Dakota are smothered in snowstorms. So it is very lucky we did not go via Canada, as I suppose it is even colder up there. It is very irritating, but my pen won't work again. It is always going wrong.

*Grenada.* Very pretty little place. The "first call to dinner" has just been made, but we are disregarding that meal, having breakfasted well and late. There are few passengers.

*Getting near New Orleans. 5 p.m., Brookhaven.* Just had tea. At Durant we took on board a murderer named Ed Gammon. He committed a ferocious crime on Thursday, and shot his sweetheart, Fanny Kimsey, and her father. Jol went to look at him, and said he was about

twenty-four, had rather a brooding and defiant expression and eyes rather close together. He was in some danger of being lynched, we heard. I saw his back view as he was being walked off at Jackson between the two "marshals" who had "taken" him. At Jackson we also lost the old Southern Colonel, who was carried out of the train in the porter's arms like a child. I have got a few snaps, by the way.

Ten-thirty p.m. Here we are in the Hôtel Grünewald of New Orleans. It is a quaint place, and we have been out for a walk and had a very bad cup of cocoa at a German restaurant which used to be French. New Orleans is very festive on Saturday night, and the shops keep open late. But I must go to bed now and record my impressions to-morrow. It is very agreeable, by the way, to get back to a steel pen and a bottle of ink after fighting with the "other sort" for two or three days.

*11th April. Monday night.* I did not write yesterday as we were out so much, but must now jot down a few impressions. We started the day with breakfast at Brasco's—not bad though the coffee was too strong—and then dropped into a church. After that Jol did the wash, and then we took an Esplanade Belt Car and went round. We also did the Tulane Belt, and went down on the levees, i.e. wharves. We had tea, etc., at Farbacher's and also did St. Roch's Cemetery. In the evening we went to the City Park, then back and had very good chocolate in Lopez Restaurant where we saw a sad French waiter. This morning I tried to get a bath, and Jol had to 'phone for half an hour before it came off. Then they brought up a "Gentleman's bath ticket." In the end, however, I got a bath filled with very dark brown water, the colour of

strong tea without milk. We went to Farbacher's to get a forty cent breakfast, which was a failure. There were five dishes—hominy, fried fish, liver, steak and tripe. I could only eat the fish, and I am not fond of fish for breakfast. Jol did a little better, as he liked the hominy.

After breakfast we came back to the hotel and Jol went about our tickets, etc., while I wrote to Wilfrid and the dear Mother, and sent three post cards to Mrs. Chester. I have sent four or five to W. and L. Then we set off for Jackson Square where we saw the Cathedral of St. Louis, with a picture representing St. Louis of France announcing the Seventh Crusade. Above the high altar there are the three Christian Graces; Faith, with a firm and radiant expression in the centre holding a tall cross; Hope, with rather a wistful look, on Faith's right, holding her anchor; and Charity, clasping a child, on the left of Faith. A troop of small boys came in with a sort of governess (French) and she told Jol they were to be prepared for Communion and one was *Anglais*. By the way, Jol interviewed a Chinese medicine man in Jackson Square and had some Chinese conversation. After Jackson we did Audobon Park, a very long ride. We saw a beautiful girl on the cars who bore a great resemblance to Queen Alexandra. She had a friend with her. They also got off at the Park and followed us to the Restaurant where we had coffee, hot water and sponge biscuits, and they had iced lime juice and water and extract of Kola. They then went and joined the Merry-go-round. We walked through the Horticultural Hall, and had a look at the grounds. After that we tried to get out to the West End without going back to Canal Street. (This was Jol's idea.) We had to go in the Coliseum Car and change to St.

Peter's Avenue and Napoleon Avenue and go on to Half-Way House. Here a great and unexpected treat awaited me, namely a chance of seeing the Metairie Cemetery. I owed this to the strenuous advice of a lady sitting outside its gates. It is a handsome burying ground with some fine monuments, notably the Moriarty and the Tennessee Army, of which I took a snap. We then crossed the bridge to find we had twenty-five minutes to wait for the Electric train to West End, so I had a glance at another cemetery with striking monuments to A. S. Johnston, Jackson, Lee and Rolk. Johnston's bust was very pleasing, especially the effect of his handsome profile against first the blue of the eastern sky, then the golden light of the west. While waiting for the train outside a refreshment place, an old nigger came and offered to sell chickens to the mistress. She was willing to take *very* small chickens to feed up. We also saw the cantilever bridge working.

West End was a great disappointment and very dreary. No one there. The view over the Lake was interesting, and we saw the pretty sight of some boats preparing to sail into it from the Canal. In the evening Jol picked up a paper and found himself interviewed by an enterprising journalist named Harris who called to-day. Very amusing.

I am forgetting my films. I had two dozen No. o developed at Gessner's, 611 Canal Street, and very well done for fifteen cents a dozen! I have several views of Southampton, the Sea, New York, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. This evening we dined at Lopez and had a good meal of turkey and tongue and chocolate. Altogether our experiences of New Orleans have been charming, except the first cup of cocoa on Saturday night and our laundry to-night—the latter being very dear and very bad. Now

I must stop and go to bed, with one word to spare for the page boy De Hiaz, or some name like that. He gave us a phrase yesterday in asking for a pin. "Is there a pin laying around loose?" I must also note some very pretty monkeys with glossy black bodies, cream coloured hoods, and long, thick, prehensile tails, which we saw specimens of both at the City Park and Audobon. Charming animals. Also I would note some mosquitoes biting me.

I would add one last remark about how very much I enjoyed the various cemeteries. Jol says it is unpleasant to think of corpses rotting inside the marble mausoleums, but my fervid friend outside the Metairie explained that if you dug deep you came on swamp, hence the local style of burial. She talked of "1878, the year of the Fever," Yellow fever, I suppose. I think, by the way, that the scene of "Beulah" was laid in New Orleans, as well as part of that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Now I must really stop, as I am getting dreadfully tired—"hunden müde."

*Lake Charles, Louisiana. Tuesday, April 12th.* A fortnight to-day since we left London. We got off by the 11.55 this morning from New Orleans, our last moments there irritated by a fool of an hotel boy. The journey has been only fairly interesting, and our fellow passengers are so-so. There is a very high-toned Boston lady aboard with a dryly humorous husband and a grass-widow friend. There is also a married couple with a wailing baby about eighteen months old. And our opposite neighbour is a very nice man, very seedy with "locomotor," living on strychnine and bromide. This is the twenty-second anniversary of his marriage, he says—so that event must have taken place on April 12th, 1882. His daughter saw

him off at New Orleans, a nice girl but rather hysterical.

I have lost my old gloves, which is annoying as I am afraid I put my new pair in the black trunk expressed to El Paso. We are going on to El Paso, by the way. San Antonio is not up to much, it seems, and it will be a rest to stay *two* days at El Paso, instead of one day at each place. I am getting a train headache at last—buzzing in my ears, etc. It has been warm all day, but is cool to-night. One can hear the frogs croaking as one passes the swamps. We had a very good evening meal. Jol had fish and I had spaghetti à l'Italienne, and Jol had peach pie and I had banana fritters, and we both had chocolate to drink. We are now on the two-meal-a-day plan as it saves time and also preserves us from the mistake of eating too much, which is apt to upset one while travelling.

I have no ideas, but might mention the *New York Herald*. What a paper! A mammoth publication for ten cents. It discourses on as many topics as the *Woburns* and the *Carpenter* did—and rather in their style. But I must stop as the train is going too fast to let one write. I have given up the fountain-pen in despair. It simply *won't* work. Just as I was stopping we pause in the swamp, and I can hear cicadas, etc. There is a tremendous echo to the whistle of the engine. Now we move on, but more slowly. Our sick neighbour is going to Mexico. His name is Scott. He has a medium sized cane bag to hold his things. I suppose his other baggage is expressed. It is a lovely starry night of quite sub-tropical brilliancy. Once again we are going too fast and I must stop. It is nearly bedtime, and I can record only one more item—the name of our sleeper, "Atlata" No. 5. Atlata is a place near the coast. I have had six No. 3 (quarter plate) snaps today.

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Mississippi Ferry, etc., and some roadside scenes. I omitted to record that we bought some oranges and bananas at one of the stations. To-morrow I shed my winter garments and take out Folding Pocket Kodak No. 1 for which I have thirteen snaps, one in the camera and two six-exposure spools. We have stopped again for a moment at Beaumont. It is very warm in the car with the windows shut, but I had to have my ventilation cut off as the swamps are malarious and I am a malarious subject. Off we go again and I must prepare for bed. Mr. Scott has just shown me the photographs of his family, very good-looking wife, son and daughter. Son is named Earle and the daughter Hazel. He seems to have very strong family affections, poor man, and he looks almost as if he were deathstruck. There is more tragedy than comedy in the world, I am afraid. One last PS. Shall I pack my little flannel vest in the brown box or leave it in the bag? It is better in the box, so are my slippers and "Don Quixote." I still exist on Dante when I want to read, which is seldom, as there is so much to look at.

### SECTION III

Texas — Passing San Antonio — Desert travelling — Fellow passengers — El Paso — Mexico — Juarez — Bull Ring — “Jimmy” — April 13th-15th.

*April 13th, Wednesday. Hondo, Texas.* About 10.30 p.m. We have been through San Antonio and saw the town on a tram and sent off five post cards: Mrs. Chester, Agatha, W. (2), and L. Speaking generally, Texas is flat with light green low trees. There are blue vistas of small hills in the far distance and oil pumps here and there. These are rather pretty, like gigantic electric fans. We have moved from car “Atlata” No. 5 to car “Topeka” No. 7. The next car is “Hongkong,” oddly enough. In the Ladies’ Dressing-room this a.m. I found a handsome grey-haired woman drinking brandy and water—more brandy than water. In “Topeka” there are not many women, but we have an American boy about twelve, I should think. His table manners are very sketchy. I saw him at breakfast. His “Poppa” has the same kind of manners and chews with his mouth wide open and works his jaws from side to side as well as up and down. It is an astonishing performance. I wonder how the food stays in his mouth at all. But it is not required to stay there long, as it goes promptly and very publicly down his throat.

It is absolutely flat in this part, and there is nothing

to see. It was hot yesterday and sunny, to-day it is chilly and cloudy. This was disappointing at San Antonio, as there were some pretty snaps. The station was a very pretty building. There seems to be some feeling for architecture about here—borrowed from the Spanish. We have stopped again, at a very small place—just for a moment. Its name is D'Hanis and it boasts an hotel or two. "Richter's" is one. I must note that right out on the plain we saw a lonely little graveyard with two big trees standing sentinel by it. It looked very pathetic.

Suddenly the landscape is beginning to undulate a little. Texas is not so swampy as either Mississippi or Louisiana—nor quite so interesting, I find. I am glad we let San Antonio go, and am almost doubtful about El Paso. Perhaps we could hang on until we reached Los Angeles. Still, El Paso is interesting as being on the Mexican frontier. If we stay there for two days we shall reach Los Angeles on Sunday.

The American boy seems desperately bored. I think children are happier on board ship than on a train. I examined all my little snaps and find them very pretty. The No. o is the most satisfactory Kodak for travelling as it is so portable and gives such charming views. The New Orleans atmosphere is beautifully clear. The American boy is now trying to buy a "funny paper" from the newsman. He has rather exhausted the good nature of the coloured porter. (*N.B.* It is not polite to talk of "Negroes" or "Niggers." Coloured is the phrase. In the New Orleans tram there is a partition with "Coloured Patrons" on it, as C.P.s are not allowed to sit with white men.)

Jol has gone to shave himself and have a wash. The

dressing arrangements are bad on the trains, otherwise the Pullmans are quite liveable. Jol has come back. He has met the father of a youth who has just joined the Imperial Maritime Customs, China. And he has also found a kind friend who has lent him a delightful book about the Sunset Route. It has decided us to do El Paso, on account of a chance of a trip into Mexico. There are beautiful trips, too, from Los Angeles. Tucson also seems a likely place. As soon as one passes this part of Texas the interest begins. It is now getting warmer and more sunny, and my head is, if anything, easier. "Train headache" is a nervous variety, I think. We have stopped again, only for a moment. There are a few long stops. There may be one at Spofford where we lose the Mexican contingent. I hope there will be sun there for a snap or two. I shall have quite a collection of "photos" by the time I reach Shanghai. Every hour improves the interest of this route to-day. I am a bad traveller, I fear, yet I enjoy it. If one could feel well, it would be even more delightful. But I must put this scribble away and see if I can get one snap to release my film, so that I can reload.

I have reason to imagine that the American boy and his sweet parent get off at a place called Sanderson. Anyhow they are worrying about it already. "Poppa" has a kind of Panama hat and a severe expression. He leaves the American boy in the berth and spends his time in the "smoking parlour." I think I could almost write a letter, as a steel pen is far more guidable than the Exe. The heavy pressure required with a fountain-pen spoils it for me and tires my hand.

Have written to Curtis Yorke, and got a snap and reloaded my No. 1 F.P.K. with six exposures. My head is

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bad again. It is nearly time for our midday meal of fruit and chocolate. How hot it is getting! There is considerable range of temperature between day and night. To relieve the monotony let me make a note of a coincidence. In the compartment opposite ours there is the father of our Chinese Customs youth. Now, even in New York, or 'Frisco, or any other of the World's Highways that would be odd enough. But it is still more strange that we should board a sleeper in Texas—out of the beaten track—and find ourselves just across a narrow gangway from the man.

The landscape is now flatter again. It is nearly as empty as the sea. However, we are spinning along splendidly. The Boston lady has been through here. We heard her say this morning that she had been "pandering" about something. She has "a very highly cultivated mind," I fear, and practises Del Sarte gesture. Her companion, the grass widow, is very nice. She spoke to me in the dressing-room this a.m.

A small hill on the left! It must be one o'clock. The American boy has been quite quiet—eating peanuts, I think, or chewing gum. What an ugly habit chewing gum is! And it must spoil the digestion and the teeth.

In yesterday's paper I noticed the death of Frances Power Cobbe. She was born in 1822. I wonder if she did much good in her life, tilting at things. In the same paper—*New York Herald*—I saw some nonsense about strong women. The athletic fad seems to be invading America and all the old fallacies (slain by Dr. Arabella Kenealy with us) are coming out quite fresh. It is entirely false that *severe* physical exercise does girls and women any good. A reasonable amount of movement, proper

diet and lots of fresh air are all that a woman needs to keep her in good condition. Over-exertion ages her rapidly and unfits her for maternity—after all her chief function in nature.

“Poppa” has just taken the American boy to get some lunch. “Poppa” looks hot and cross and speaks in a snappish voice. In that state he will begin by gulping down a glass of iced water.

About 4 p.m. The scenery has altered from plain and brush to scrub and boulder. We stopped a few minutes at Del Rio and I got a snap of an old “hoss” with a Mexican saddle, and a group or two. We lunched on bananas and oranges and a bit of chocolate. Jol has found out about “Poppa,” poor man. He has reason to look severe as his health broke down and robbed him of a very good position. It has been a tolerable day, but not too exciting. As Mary Kingsley once said: I could pack another sensation into the afternoon without hurting myself. We have passed the belt of boulders and got back to the plain and grass—no brush at present. I have got hold of a sliding window which is no sooner put up than it comes down. Jol and the Customs’ youth’s father (Hartshorne) are discussing the Chinese Customs and Sir Robert Hart—an odd subject to hear on the plains of Texas! I am beginning to hope for a township again. Let me hark back to San Antonio. We saw a man fall after leaving the tram. He was very drunken and shaky, and had a bag and some parcels in his hands, and in getting off he did not let go the car—so he was flung over and had a narrow escape of being thrown under the wheels.

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I like the U.S.A.? To revert to psychology in default of other material, I am not sure, but I think not. The Americans are friendly and civil, but not "sympathetic" to me. It is a case of imperfect sympathies. And why? I don't know. It is no place for a poor person, and a rich person would probably leave it at once, if not sooner—that is to say, if the rich person had my tastes. The worship of Mammon is not exhilarating to look on, but the Americans have nothing to love except money, it seems to me. They can't afford to spend time and thought on anything else, or they will "get left," as they call it. I think their lives are feverish and uninteresting, the men's especially, and the women who have to work are just as badly off as the men. I don't know anything about the leisured woman, but she appears to make her life a burden trying to outshine her neighbours. There seems to be no self-centred, self-sufficing life here. Their prophets, Emerson and Thoreau, have few followers. I have seen no literary monument since I landed. No statue to Emerson. Perhaps they have one in Boston or Concord. Talking of literature, I should like to see Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and Mrs. Strong. I believe they live in California. I wonder if one could find them out, and if they would see a stranger? I dare say they might now, as probably their hero-worshippers are scarcer than they were. The Dog of the Day is proud and inaccessible, but the Dog whose Day is past seems sometimes almost grateful for "lion-hunting."

*Thursday, 14th April, 1904. El Paso.* We landed here about 8 a.m.

*Friday, 15th April, 1904.* That was all I wrote in El Paso! We arrived about eight o'clock and had breakfast

on the train. Then the Hôtel Sheldon got us, and we went in the bus to that hostelry. Room 423. Clean, with a view of house-tops, but hot. SE. or SW. Our first trip was into Mexico. We went on the tram and after running a short way it took up a pretty young Mexican woman in tow with a ghastly consumptive, the clear-skinned type with eyes half-glazed, half-burning, very thin and eager. She looked—well, not quite a respectable lady, and was very fussy with him though not very affectionate. The couple reminded both Jol and me of Morley Roberts' story, "The Degradation of Geoffrey Aldwith." El Paso is a great place for consumptives, many of whom recover.

After leaving the car—but first I am forgetting the dramatic moment of crossing the frontier when we were boarded by a Mexican Customs officer. After leaving the car we walked up to the old church at Juarez (pronounced Warez) and could not get in at first. Then we saw two fellow tourists, one of whom knew Spanish, and he said a native recommended us to try the side. We did, and found a catafalque with unlighted candles and an old man in shirt-sleeves watching it. It is a queer old church, much more ancient than the nation of the U.S.A., and has a wonderful roof of beams hand-carved, also brilliant stained-glass windows, yellow being the prevailing colour, a rich golden yellow. There were no chairs or pews. After leaving the church we went to see the prison, where we came across a Mexican cowboy, rather a picturesque person with grey-green eyes, brown "banged" hair, and a tanned face. He gave us some information and showed us a white man in prison for forgery, also (like Mrs. Cluppings) gave us some autobiographical details—that he had been four days in prison for a fight, some shooting

affray. He was bailed out for \$1,200, so he said, and he seemed very proud of the sum.

After the prison came the post office where we saw a majestic young lady who understood the English language though she did not venture to speak. We bought stamps and then went to look for post cards. We found them in "Jimmy's" store, Jimmy being a small Mexican boy with very grave manners and Jewish instincts. We managed to get some cards and I sent one to Alice Judd, one to Mrs. Chester, one to L. and two to W. I bought three for our own collection. Then we went to look at the Bull Ring, and presently discerned Jimmy coming with us. He took us to the Ring where a Mexican thief asked twenty cents each to let us inside. Jol yelled and offered ten cents each, which was accepted. It was a small Ring, but interesting as the first we had ever seen. I took a "phot" of the sunny side. I took several snaps of Juarez. It was most horridly windy and dusty. My black poppies (hat trimming) were light brown after they had been ten minutes in Mexico. However, it shook off, did the dust.

After Juarez we felt rather "bust." We had had some lunch at the Zeiger Restaurant, luckily. But generally speaking we felt played out by the terrible wind and the flying clouds of dust, and we decided to go on to-morrow to Los Angeles. I wouldn't have missed El Paso and Juarez for anything, but a little of them goes a long way. After tea—a double tea, four cups each—we went the Smelter ride as recommended by the very nice young lady at Feldman's, El Paso Street, where I bought my Kodak films—two six-exposure for No. 1, and one six-exposure for No. 3. The Smelter ride was interesting and we saw the Mexican mud houses, "adobes," also some

Mexicans. The women are not bad looking in an Egyptian style, but generally their profiles are handsomer than full face as their eyes are apt to be too near together. They wear a black shawl or large veil, which is both pretty and convenient in a windy climate. What punishes one in a gale? One's silly, large, flapping hat, which is pinned on to one's unhappy hair. A veil is much better.

But I am forgetting an amusing thing that happened when we recrossed the frontier back into the U.S.A. A large fat American, of the type of Cecil Rhodes, was wearing a straw hat and the Customs Officer wanted its whole history. That made the large American "rar," and he confided himself to Jol, who was very sympathetic. He had a lean friend with him who was much amused, and I laughed over the scene and the language until I felt quite weak.

Jol managed to get us a bath each gratis when we got back to the hotel. There was no light, and the door would not lock, but I bathed in the dark with Jol watching the door. Then he had a bath, also in the dark, with no one watching the door. We were not detected in our crime. We went out once more to get some cocoa, and then retired to bed—a very good bed, again "hundenmüde." El Paso was most interesting for a day. But I don't think I should like to live here. The only place in America where I could live happily is New Orleans. That is charming. I did not see any cemeteries in El Paso.

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## SECTION IV

Travelling towards Arizona—More fellow passengers—"The Three Ships," poem from *El Paso Times*—Pullman germ cranks—Marriage Laws of the U.S.A.—W. H. Hearst raising trouble in the Democratic camp—Row at a dinner in California—April 15th continued.

*April 15th continued.* We are now travelling towards Arizona, sand and scrub in the foreground and some hills on the horizon. The sleeper is "Los Gatos" (the Cats) and our number is six. The only other travellers are a couple—not very young—who might be on their honeymoon. She talks incessantly and he laughs. Jol has settled down peacefully to "Don Quixote," of which immortal work he is always fond. I have bought eight post cards from the newsboy, and have addressed two to Wilfrid (of whom I dreamt last night), one to Louis and one to Mrs. Chester. Might send another one to Mrs. Chester and one to Agatha. Is there anyone else who would like a post card from these regions? I seem to have an impression that there is someone, but I can't locate the individual. Perhaps he (or she) will occur to me presently.

It is much pleasanter air already and not nearly so hot as it was from New Orleans to "Santonio," and the latter to El Paso. The Texan plains are very hot in the middle. But both Jol and I prefer frying and melting to freezing. Jol has now succumbed to the newsboy and bought a paper. I was made quite ill yesterday, reading

of the latest Russian disaster—as reported. They have had a great ship blown up and about six hundred lives lost, including one of their Admirals. Russia's luck has been very bad, and Japan may be able to hold her own.

We are supposed to be near Deming where we arrest ourselves a minute. We did, and I got a snap of a mill I thought was an oil mill. It turned out to be a water mill. However, it is pretty and characteristic. I have just put in a new film. There is beautiful snapping light, and nothing except sandy, scrubby wilderness to snap. There may be a town presently.

My mind goes back to the Russian disaster, of which Jol has just told me some further details. It is supposed to have happened about the 31st March. The ship was going back into Port Arthur when she struck the mine and sank in two minutes. It is an awful thing to think of. The whole war is an iniquitous one and Russia's behaviour about Manchuria was inexcusable. They seem to have lost their heads.

Jol has just shown me a paragraph in the paper to say Paul King and wife are stopping at the Sheldon *en route* "to visit their relatives East!" They don't seem to realize that we are Britishers. By the way, yesterday "Jimmy" accused us of being Americans. We protested and said we were English. He said calmly: "All same." We said sadly: "No." He said more calmly: "Speak same language," which we had—with mental reservations—to admit. His knowledge of "same language" was not deep enough to follow our explanations of the little differences between our talk and U.S.A. talk.

An express has just whizzed past and we have stopped. There is a strong hot wind hissing across the plain, making



a curious brushing noise in the dry grass and "scrub." The couple are still going on with each other. They are facetiously affectionate and bubble all over. They have just asked for tea and been warned it is "extra service." Being on their wedding trip they are "blowing the expense." He is telling the *feeblest* anecdotes, and she is goating eternally. She has ordered "green tea," and he wants three cups of milk! I wonder if they will speak to us. I hope not. They have brought food with them and are going to eat "right here and right now."

Jol and I are in doubts as to the time. We have parted from Central Time and taken to the Pacific variety, and yet no one seems to know anything as to the real time. Jol's watch was set at El Paso, and we fondly hoped it would carry us to San Francisco. I have my "Clarissa" fit on again, and keep on scribble-scribble-scribbling without much purpose. We expect (D.V.) to reach Los Angeles to-morrow, Saturday, about half-past twelve or one. The first thing I shall do, if the place will keep us in its clutches for two days, is to rush with my films to a Kodak Supply Store and have them developed. We may go on to Monterey at once if Los Angeles is like El Paso, hot and windy and dusty. Otherwise, if the place is nice we may stay two days and be "laundered." We are slowing down. I hope it promises a town, i.e. three shanties and a station.

I must note down about the Americans I saw at breakfast, an old man, a youngish woman and a little girl. We liked the old man at first sight, for he had nice white hair and seemed benevolent. But soon the moral atmosphere changed—after he had swallowed a glass of iced water. He got red in the nose, and began to look queer, and I

thought he was ill. But he was only angry—because they were kept a few minutes waiting for their breakfast. And when the breakfast came! First they had fruit. Then mutton chops, and the woman—who looks like a gentlewoman—held the chop with her hand while she hacked a bit off for the child. Then she cut bits for herself, and finally held the bone and gnawed it.

The conversation between the couple is trivial, but interesting. She is mildly egotistical, and so is he. I wonder what they are in life. I cannot judge Americans as one can one's own people. They strike me as not very "refined," to use an Americanism. I am beginning to wonder if they are married after all, in spite of their familiarity, as she talks in a very independent way. She has been in business. So she says.

We have had lunch: rice, boiled corn, cherry pie and tea. Very good. After lunch I read the *El Paso Morning Times*, and found a nice poem which I shall copy or cut out, just as the fountain-pen decrees. It seems willing, so here goes!

### THE THREE SHIPS

"The youth looks joyously out upon  
 The beckoning sea of Years;  
 The mystic croon of the tide at dawn  
 Sings loud in his raptured ears;  
 He sees a Ship on the dancing wave;  
 And softly the sky mists wrap  
 And fondle its masts while the white sprays lave,  
 And ever the light waves lap.

" 'Oh, haste my Ship! ' cries the eager boy,  
 ' My hand on the helm, and I  
 Shall face the gale with a swelling joy,  
 And laugh at the low'ring sky.

Away, away, on the sea I go,  
 With welcome for storm or strife,  
 For mine is the soul of the winds that blow,  
 And the name of my Ship is—Life! ’

“ The Man dreams on by the rushing tide;  
 And out on the far sky-line  
 He watches a white sail gaily ride,  
 Splashed o’er by the bright sunshine.  
 The waters gleam and the soft winds sigh;  
 All still is the surge’s roar,  
 While dreaming dreams with yearning eye,  
 He waits on the sun-lit shore.

“ ‘ Oh, haste my Ship,’ cries the longing Man,  
 ‘ Blow blithely, O soft sea gale,  
 And o’er the warm sea joyous fan  
 To harbour my snow-white sail.  
 Be still, O Sea, in the waiting time!  
 Be smiling, O sky above!  
 For life is sweet as a silver chime,  
 And the name of my Ship is—Love! ’

“ The old Man waits on the rocky shore  
 And watches with dimming eyes,  
 Through low-hung clouds where the surges roar  
 And leap at the low’ring skies;  
 His form is bent by the weight of years,  
 His features are lined with care—  
 All channelled deep by the rivered tears,  
 White-frosted his scanty hair.

“ ‘ Oh, haste my Ship,’ to the gale he cries!  
 ‘ Earth’s beauties are gone from me,  
 My Youth, my Love and my sunny Skies,  
 Have vanished beyond the sea.  
 I wait to sail for the Harbour Fair,  
 Swept on by a single breath,  
 For Life and Youth and my Love are there,  
 And the name of my Ship is—Death! ’ ”

—LOWELL. OTRIS REESE.

Not at all a bad variation of an old theme!

Suddenly the landscape has turned to white sand. There is a dreadful wind and the dust is flying in white clouds. We are rushing through a cream-coloured sand-storm. Now it has passed—perhaps only for the moment. What a desert! America is very desolate in large tracts.

I was amused to see in the *El Paso Times* an allusion to "Pullman Germ Cranks." It appears there are people who think that germs in undue numbers are to be found in Pullman cars—so many people that an impression has been made on the Pullman Company. The Company is therefore trying to improve matters by substituting mohair for stuff curtains, etc. In summer with the windows open I dare say it is all right, but in winter there may be germs.

About four o'clock. It has clouded over and seems cooler and less dusty. I have been in the "Observation Car," looking at miles and miles of desolation on each side of the straight railway lines. What a vast, empty land is America! (Jol has disappeared. I wonder if he has picked up a friend?) I call the Sunset Route rather a fraud. From Memphis to New Orleans the view is interesting, but from New Orleans to Los Angeles I think it is peculiarly dull. The stretches of vacancy are so vast; there is no scenery and no human interest. One's travelling companions are few and not very striking. But I am glad to have done the trip.

Somewhere about five o'clock, just past Wilcox. I must record how flat we feel. Let me turn my thoughts to the marriage laws of the U.S.A. Apparently people can "walk right in and get married" with no more prepara-

tion than they need show when they open a "can of pork and beans, and start eating," as I once saw it prettily put in an advertisement about that delicacy. It is like the Fleet or Gretna Green, yet I cannot remember to have seen it made use of in American fiction. I wonder W. D. Howells never took it up as a study. I feel half inclined to tackle it myself, after reading in one of the papers of a white man falling in love with a handsome octoroon on a train, courting her for two days of the journey, and then stepping off to marry her. It sounds a very imprudent performance. But the ease of divorce is encouraging to such persons.

It seems to me as if Arizona is very slightly superior to Texas. Let us hope that California will be more worth looking at. I think I must go to the Observation Car after dark just to see the wilderness by night. Have just seen a hill close to the railway with a few houses on it. Jol has succumbed to the insidious luxury of a pillow. I dare not, as I generally go to sleep and wake up with a dry mouth and a headache. Have I got a headache? Not exactly, but like one of Dickens's characters—Mrs. Gradgrind, I believe—I feel that there seems to be a headache in the carriage. A short time ago Jol and I agreed that the American Flag ought to be dust-coloured with a skyscraper in one corner and a glass of iced water in another. One might perhaps add an Electric Belt Car.

The "Exe" has behaved in a distinctly more humane manner to-day. It has yielded to washing and shaking. It likes being washed. In fact, I think it is beginning to want another bath just now, as it has begun to cantrip again. Dragon's Summit showed us a nice black dog. There are very few animals on view in the U.S.A. I

wonder why? Cats are scarce, and very lean and inclined to shed their fur on one. There was a cat at Farbacher's in New Orleans which slept on the edge of my cloak, and left a lot of sticky hairs on me.

I must examine my pen to see if it wants filling as well as washing. I have washed and filled it and it seems quite happy again. Jol and I are still feeling bored. We don't wonder that the miners—the Forty-Niners—played poker and drank and shot each other. The grisly dullness of the life explains everything. It is curious how well one gets on without family news and British gossip generally. There may be a General Election in England for all we know. By the way, the American papers seem more interested in English social life than in our politics. Anything about the King, or the Court, attracts them, but I suppose they have enough politics of their own and to spare. I am trying to understand some of their politics. One, Hearst, seems to be raising trouble in the Democratic camp, as there was a big uproar at some political dinner in California not long ago. The account is very entertaining. Andy McNally shouted "Rats" when the toastmaster read out something about Hearst. "Then," says the reporter, "it busted. All loose at once." The dinner, to be exact, was at the Iroquois Club. After the row Alva Adams, formerly Governor of Colorado, made a fighting speech, "whooping it up" for Judge Parker, and one Earle Rogers, Esquire, made the hit of the evening with some side-splitting stories. One is given about a parrot sitting on a dry-goods box, watching two dogs fighting and yelling: "Sic 'em! Sic 'em!" The dogs soon stopped fighting and started for the parrot. When he finally escaped from their fangs and surveyed his torn

plumage reflected in a store window, he said sadly: "The trouble with me is I talk too damn much."

We have dined in a fearful rattle of the train trying to go fast, and have passed Tucson (pronounced Tewsómn) and picked up more passengers, close round us, I regret to say. I hear the Conductor saying there is a great crowd going on from Los Angeles to 'Frisco. Glad we are not in it, and Jol thinks we can "fix it," as Americans say, not to use any more sleepers, but make a day trip from Los Angeles to Monterey, and from Monterey to San Francisco. I am not fond of sleepers. We shall have been about five nights in them, I think, counting to-night—two nights from New York to New Orleans, two nights from New Orleans to El Paso, and one night from El Paso to Los Angeles. The man who has the berth opposite to ours had a friend to see him off, and I heard the friend say that he dreaded the trip down into Mexico, the heat and dust being something terrific. I am glad we gave up Mexico City.

I am beginning to think I shall be glad to get on the s.s. *Gaelic*—barring seasickness. I am *very tired* half the time now, as our starts have to be so early, and early rising does not suit me. It never has suited me, and Jol does not like it either. We were not so well pleased with dinner—the only bad meal we have had on all the trains. We had asparagus and it was bad. Not dear, however, then the jolting was so violent we could scarcely eat or drink. Travelling is very uncomfortable at times. It is interesting, but one has to pay dearly for it. It is a wonderful trip from New York to 'Frisco via New Orleans. One passes through Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arizona and California. I should

like on another occasion to do Kansas City, Saint Louis, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia. But if ever the Siberian Railway is open to passengers again I shall pin my faith to that. No sea is a great temptation. Now I must stop and read a Canto or two of Dante to tone my mind up.

We have shipped another ill-behaved couple, by the way. I had no idea American women behaved so badly on the trains. Perhaps, as we remarked this afternoon, there ain't no Ten Commandments in Arizona. It is a long way from everywhere, and apparently American women like to make what we should call promiscuous acquaintances, and carry on rather indecorously with them. It would not do in England. The new American female has a voice like a badly cracked gramophone of the old metallic type, and she is rather good-looking. But I do not see Bret Harte's lovely fascinating damsels, I confess, in the Wild and Woolly West. Perhaps the place is too civilized now.

I wish the coloured porter would come along and do up our beds. I am tired and sleepy. I think the cracked gramophone is offering to weep, *à la* Mrs. Putnam. She has left her own "sleeper" and gone to his to sit.



## SECTION V

Los Angeles—Pasadena—San Gabriel's Mission—April 16th-19th.

*Saturday, April 16th.* Jol is rather bilious this morning, and has gone on to a course of hot water. We had a difference of opinion with Sambo last night and this morning, and had to complain.

California is prettier than Texas and Arizona. There is grass, and an occasional village with trees. I saw two poplars. There are also cows about, and the air is fresh and clear. It is a pleasant change from the desolation of the last three or four days. But I have once more got a "train headache," and my wretched pen won't work. One shake produced the accompanying blots. Why are "things" so trying?

We are passing low hills covered with green, and the landscape is distinctly pretty. My hopes revive. Perhaps Los Angeles will be nice after all. I think we must stay there for two days to relieve Jol's bile and my headache. A pretty homestead in view. Trees and roads. How highly civilized we are getting! It is not at all bad, and has a look of England. We have stopped opposite a little place with a hen and her chickens. I believe I could live here, if I tried to. Just caught sight of a small black pig frisking along. This is the first glimpse of a settled place since we left Louisiana. I have seen a good deal

of America and think the Old South the best part, i.e. Kentucky, Tennessee, etc. I wish we had seen Virginia, the Carolinas and Alabama. The middle of America is bad, north and south. I remember Nevada and Colorado and Nebraska. California seems pleasant, and so, I believe, is Oregon.

The distances are tremendous. It is over two thousand miles from New Orleans to San Francisco, or about four times the stretch between London and Aberdeen. (Oh, this pen! Why won't it work easily? The ink seems to dry on the nib and clog it.) More dwellings with shady trees. A little church. In the distance, to which we are hurrying, there are quite high hills. I have only one snap left, and am saving that for some perfectly irresistible view. It is true that I have six exposures for No. 3, but No. 3 is in my box and I have no energy to get it out just now. Perhaps I may, before we reach Los Angeles. It always seems to happen that one sees the best views either when there is no sun, or when one's Kodak is empty. For travelling I think twelve exposures of No. 0 the best to carry. One can easily put four dozen in one's bag, i.e. four spools of twelve exposures each.

Jol seems to have caught a very pleasant American and they are having a talk. Some Americans *are* very pleasant, especially the men. But many of them are distinctly barbarous, with uncouth personal habits, cleaning out their noses and ears with their fingers, etc. Trimming their nails and hawking and spitting are also disagreeable tricks in which they constantly indulge. "Martin Chuzzlewit" is not entirely out of date in this year of grace, 1904. What impresses one is that Americans one meets out of their own country should tell such dreadful stories. It

makes one think of the guide-book which someone said had been written by Ananias and edited by Sapphira. The bragging, patriotic American abroad does not seem to cultivate a much higher standard of veracity, and commits himself to the most amazing statements regarding the glories of his beloved country. According to him, there is never any bad weather in the U.S.A., nor are there any plain and elderly women. In fact, it is a paradise on earth! And its exact opposite is poor old England, where everything is rotten and wrong.

A little girl has offered me oranges through the window—we have stopped for a moment. This is a pretty little place with plenty of trees, and nice green grass. Don't know its name. In England they stick up the name of the station, but in the U.S.A. they have something else to do. However, Jol has acquired the information that it is called Marlborough (pronounced Marrelborough.) The air is good and feels particularly fresh after the plains of Texas. The hot weather was bringing out my "blains" again, but a day or two of coolth will deaden the irritation. It is odd how quickly prickly heat comes out again. We are passing orange or lime groves, and there is a pleasant odour either from them or from some shrub.

Jol's new friend recommends the Hôtel Westminster at Los Angeles since we object to the sky-scraper "The Angelus." I wish my throat was less dry and husky. It is the dust which chokes one up. I have written a good deal the last day or two, as it amuses one to scribble.

The very affectionate couple of yesterday are less attached to-day. The woman resembles Mrs. Stebbins, and is a regular "clutcher." The man—away from her—is well-informed and interesting; and, although he

chatters the poorest drivel to her, he can talk very well to other men. We had him at breakfast—my breakfast, as Jol had only hot water—at the next table, and could catch his conversation which was decidedly good, about Labour troubles and how to manage Chinese coolies, etc. The woman has no insight, or she would have brought him out on his favourite subject long ago. But American women seek to be attractive and interesting by talking about themselves, either drolly or sadly or appealingly—but always about themselves! They are generally bad listeners, and make faces, working their eyelids and nodding. I think this is meant to express vivacity. When vivacity fails they try tears or a kind of whimpering rather, just like Mrs. Putnam with G. F. Mêng.

I don't think we could conscientiously recommend the "Sunset Route" after our experience of it. I should imagine Canada must be better on the whole, a little later in the year. The scenery is finer and so are the trains, and I consider Canadians much more "compatible" than the citizens of the U.S.A. There are exceptions on both sides, no doubt, but generally speaking, Canadians are easier to get on with.

*Los Angeles, California. Sunday, 17th April, 1904.* We arrived yesterday with Jol seedy and my head splitting. But we both recovered somewhat by the evening. We came to the Hôtel Westminster—rather too palatial and sky-scraping, but not bad. We had its name from the nice American Jol talked to, who was a railway man. Room 222. Last night Jol and I went out a straggle and had supper at the Illinois Restaurant, not bad and kept by a bustling young woman, very like Lysle Thomas. I had my hand read by one Madame Zarrah, a very clever

palmist. Oddly enough, her "reading" was almost identical with that of Mr. Lee (gipsy) in the Crystal Palace last year. But I have taken an entirely new idea in my head since then which she alluded to and said would succeed. I hope so!

To-day Jol is no worse, so I am trying to hope it is a case of eating something which disagreed with him and not a touch of the sun at Juarez, as I feared at first. It might have been the cream, or the severe jolting he got at dinner on the railway. That is much less serious than sunstroke. We had our pleasant eleven o'clock breakfast, and then rested until the Observation Car started some time after 1 p.m. It took us all round the city which has points of its own, but (to me at least) lacks the charm of New Orleans. To-morrow we think of doing the Ostrich Farm and San Gabriel's Mission. But it is a long day. On Tuesday we talk of leaving for Monterey, to spend one day at Del Monte perhaps. (Here Jol interpolated: "*I was very nice to M., while she?*" So perhaps we had a "spat" which I have forgotten in 1935.)

*Monday, 18th April, 1904.* We finished the day yesterday (and incidentally ourselves as well!) by taking the tram to East Lake Park. We came upon patches of the California of R. L. Stevenson. But it was not very interesting and was very fatiguing. I was dreadfully tired and choked with phlegm at night. This morning I felt better, and am glad to say that Jol seems better too. Left Kodak films, one dozen No. 1 ( $3\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ ), half a dozen No. 0 ( $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{5}{8}$ ), and ten No. 3 ( $4\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ ) at Munsey's. Found a horseshoe!

About five o'clock. We have been to Pasadena and the great Ostrich Farm. Very interesting. The outskirts of

Los Angeles are very pretty, and the electric trams extend for miles in every direction. At the Ostrich Farm we noticed the British Flag flying, and found the place under English management. A Londoner showed us round. We learnt some facts about ostriches. Nubian male ones have pink necks and legs. Ostriches live for about seventy years and bear feathers to the end, but their prime is from seven years to forty. We saw a very small ostrich, four days old, about the size of a half-grown chicken. They "sit" forty days on about sixteen eggs.

It is a cold day with a grey sky. Of course! Why? Because there was something to photograph, and I had twelve No. 0 exposures in the Kodak. That is enough. I believe I could insure cloudy weather in any picturesque neighbourhood by the simple expedient of taking my Kodaks with me. I do not like Los Angeles much, nor California. It is too cold, because here we are on the 18th April and it is very chilly. That means a short summer. The fact is, New Orleans is the only place that I really like in the U.S.A. One thing I feel the want of, and that is a small handbag for these day-trips to hold my Kodaks, opera-glass, etc. I am constantly dropping things. Yesterday I dropped the opera-glass and gave it a dinge. And to-day I lost a beautiful post card of "Major McKinley," the great ostrich.

By the way, I am forgetting the Arizona genius who wrote "The Golden Chain." She lives in Los Angeles. I should like to see her. Anyone who "arises" in Arizona must have some divinity in his or her soul. I wrote to Hôtel Sheldon thanking the Manager for sending on our coat and cloak, accidentally left behind. Also a line to the dear Ma.

Yesterday I wrote to Wilfrid and sent off many post cards to him and L. and Mrs. Chester and Agatha. The Western post cards are pretty. I sent three from the Ostrich Farm, two to W. and one to L. The fourth I kept and lost. "What I saved I lost."

We think of doing San Gabriel to-morrow and going on to San Francisco on Wednesday, arriving on Thursday. That gives us only four clear days in 'Frisco—not too much. For we must be "laundered." I am beginning to like that word, as it makes a distinction between one's clothes and oneself—*they* are laundered, *we* are washed. How necessary it is to keep a diary when travelling. One so quickly forgets details, exactly what happened, how it happened and when it happened. And it is the details which make interesting reading later on.

Have I mentioned the snowstorm and blizzard which has passed over New York since we left? I am glad we missed it. But the cold snap seems to be coming west. Our great interest in life now is centred on our luggage at Monterey. Can we get it back? Or must we go and fetch it? It does not matter much, though we should prefer not to go to Monterey. Still, we may like it when we get there. I am acquiring a prejudice against U.S. ink. They make ink that does not flow well, even with a steel pen. By the way, I must wash my "Exe."

Half-past eight. Raining hard. Jol has come in and says the country wanted rain badly. I am so glad the showers have come, as I have the greatest horror of drought. The pen, after being well soaked, works better. It ought to soak all night in cold water to restore its tone. It *shall* soak to-night!

19th April, Tuesday. (*Primrose Day.*) We arrived in

London two years ago to-day. It rained very heavily last night and there is a strong gale blowing to-day. I don't think very much of the U.S. climate except in the "Old South." The Old South is my idea of America. (My "Exe" has been washed and soaked and filled, and now writes freely but in this pale style. I shall never understand fountain-pens.) To-day we do San Gabriel, weather permitting. To-morrow we leave for Monterey or 'Frisco as the Fates decree. I think it is tiring and expensive to go to too many places. Los Angeles is not bad, as it has trips out of it, Pasadena, for instance. And I believe we can make trips from San Francisco.

By the way, Mrs. Fiske appeared here last night in "Mary of Magdala" by Paul Heyes, Anglicized by William Winter. I have the impression that this play was not licensed in London—and with good reason, judging from the accounts of it. The Los Angeles critic says the "offense" [*sic*] is on the surface and you can't get away from it. Apparently St. Mary Magdalene is represented as trying to save Our Lord's life by offering herself to Flavius, a nephew of Pontius Pilate. She is also supposed to have a lover in Judas! How very foolish, as well as sacrilegious!

Four-thirty p.m., or so. We have been out to see San Gabriel, which was interesting, but I do not think it quite filled my expectations, as there was only a church—no monastery, or priests, etc. It dates from 1771, and the building itself from 1775. There were some wonderful old pictures, which were brought from Spain. But our guide—the priest's nephew—rather hurried us. We should have resisted his haste if we had known how little there was to see. I sent a post card each to W. and L.,



and secured two for my own little collection.

On getting back we went to retrieve my films. Rather badly done. But the fact is, travelling photography is not satisfactory—one stops such a short time, and the sun is so refractory and capricious, and conditions are so unsuitable that one wastes one's films. The proportion of grey days has been great since we landed. For example, there was little sun in New York, and not much in Mississippi, and some cloud at "Santonio." Yesterday and to-day have been very cloudy. Altogether, photography is a tiresome hobby at times, and yields bad results. I have got a horrid cold in my head from germs. It reminds me of the cold I caught in the Lloyd-Little rooms four weeks ago.

All going well, we leave the U.S.A. this day week. Then our last treat comes at Honolulu. Japan I don't care for, and China is familiar. It seems we can get our luggage from Monterey up to San Francisco. That is good news. We heard from the Kodak man at Munsey's how he came here from New Orleans. He branched off at Houston (Texas) and came up towards Denver (Colorado) and then on to Los Angeles by the Ogden route. If we had done that we should have missed El Paso and Juarez and "Jimmy" and the Bull Ring—all novelties.

While waiting for Jol, who has gone to have his hair cut, I must note my impressions of American manners. I think these are bad. I do not mean that Americans are ill conditioned, but they are somewhat uncouth. "Please," "Thank you," etc., are seldom heard. The expression of their faces is undisciplined, there is no concealment of fatigue or illness, and minor social ceremonies seem to

be neglected. Asiatics have better manners, and so have the much-despised British. Universal lack of "form" certainly diminishes the pleasure of living among a people. Americans, however, like good manners when they meet them; that is to say, the better-class American does.

Another point about Americans is that one seldom hears them talking about anything very interesting. Feeble jokes, personal titbits, platitudes, and "dollar talk" is what one catches as a rule from the men. Women talk about dress and social doings, and are fond of retailing silly and rather intimate episodes of their married life. They will tell one how they "jumped right into bed" and left Jim or Will to put out the electric light, and how he couldn't find the button or switch, and how she "lay and leffed until he got real vexed." Then she got up herself "just in ma thin nightwear to show him how to turn off the light, and we had of course to get back into bed all in the dark, and he struck against the rocker, and Ah knocked against the foot of the bed and screamed, and that upset him." Etc., etc. Finally they got into bed together, and her feet were right cold, and she warmed them on Will.

That is a fair sample of the tales I overhear from well-dressed females, told with great archness and ogling. Some are even longer and more pointless. Jim and Will don't talk so much about themselves, but they tell little anecdotes of a feeble sort when they converse with women. I am forgetting the opposite type of the "vurry highly cultured lady," who talks like a lecturer, either on classical or geographical or historical or sociological subjects. Her pronounciation is pedantic, as befits omniscience. Mention Shakespeare and she will immediately

“devallop” the Baconian controversy, and be amazed when she finds you have heard of it. Or she will expound the character of Malvolio, or Desdemona, or Coriolanus, and give you a description of the age which produced the “divine Williams,” and of her own visit to Stratford-on-Avon if she has made it, or of her intended visit to that hallowed spot and the emotions she intends to feel at each stage. One thing is certain—she will not allow anyone else to edge in a word.

But I must get off these vain subjects and return to a practical one. Is it worth while having a bath to-day and getting very dirty and grimy again on the train to-morrow, or shall I wait until our arrival and have one magnificent “spring clean,” hair and all?

On the whole I think I had better wait.

## SECTION VI

Leaving Los Angeles—Running beside the Pacific—Santa Barbara—Large Green Parrot and Two Peacocks—Madame Zarrah, Palmist, and her good advice—Arriving San Francisco—Strike on among cabs—Reading of Murderers—Cliff House—Café Sprechels—Golden Gate Park—April 20th-25th.

*Wednesday, April 20th, 1904.* Just leaving Los Angeles, nearly two hours late. We are on a very crowded sleeper, "Macinlaw," section one, and we have a fellow-traveller who seems violently train-sick, and is retching every minute. We went out a walk last night, by the way, and I had a cup of very weak coffee in a very artistic place called "Hollywood," all green and quaint, while Jol sipped a cup of plain hot water. The proprietress had a look of Mrs. F. E. T., a China friend of ours. This morning I bought a twelve exposure film of No. 0, to be prepared for chances. But photography while travelling is a snare and a heartbreak.

In the opposite section to ours are three people, a married couple and a man with a gun, or some such implement. The woman is resourceful as she has raised the inside window and cleaned the outside one, the windows being double and the panes very dusty. I would follow her example, but I find I can't move my inside window, so must be content to take the scenery for granted.

Last night Jol picked up a copy of "Elizabeth and Her

German Garden " for ten cents, and on dipping into it I find it is rather like my outlook. My jottings are growing on my hands like anything. It seems amusing to note down one's little daily doings, even if the only person who cares to read them is oneself. Before leaving the Hôtel Westminster I found out that Bessie was the name of the waitress we called the "Denver Princess" from her stately bearing. Her co-waitress did not know her surname. The pleasant girl was named Anna Kelgrund, and she told me that her parents were Danish, which probably accounted for her nice manners.

The weather looks rather bad. There are heavy banks of cloud in the west. It is distinctly chilly, too. And there is not much of passing interest—except that the person before mentioned keeps on retching, and seems to enjoy his or her performance. Hers, I should judge, and an old squaw, too. . . . My cold is bad. It is a regular germ cold, and I fully sympathize with the "Pullman Germ Cranks." They are quite right. I shall be glad when we get to San Francisco. A new delight! One of the passengers is beginning to snore. Talking of delights: we saw the Floto Circus Parade this morning. There were some animals, of which the most striking was a noble lion in a cage by himself. There were three elephants, a large old beast who seemed to suffer in his mind, and two smaller ones. There was a camel, I think two, and a steam organ smoking as if it were Satan's own musical box while it played.

Suddenly the sun has begun to shine. It makes things more cheerful and I have cleaned a little of the dust off our inside window. Jol has gone to sit in the men's room and I can hear his voice at times. He is fond of talking

to strangers. I am not, as a rule, when one can't get away from them at will. Talking soon tires me nowadays. Besides, there is a great difference between men and women. Jol's acquaintances will not intrude on me, but mine would on him. I wonder what time it is, and when Jol will reappear. I have been asked twice already for my ticket, and both times have answered that my husband had it—with which assurance the conductor seemed satisfied.

Have I mentioned the sad state of my comb? It is an old pet of mine as it is a "rake" with large teeth all the length of it. Unfortunately I thought of cleaning it and used water too hot for its vulcanite constitution. Now it catches all the dust and sticks to one's hair, too, being roughened. I am afraid I must buy another comb in 'Frisco. It shall be a bone or horn one this time if I can get one with large teeth. Travelling certainly plays dreadful havoc with one's appearance. One's skin gets positively ingrained with dust which does not come out for days. Repeated washing at intervals will remove it in time, but any attempt to hurry matters simply takes the skin off and leaves the dust. One's hair also gets full of dust and has to be washed at least twice to clean it thoroughly. All this is very troublesome.

It is two weeks to-morrow at 5.30 since we left New York, and it seems a long time. I have certainly had a sufficiently saturating dose of the U.S.A. to last for my natural life. It makes one contented with China, where after all one has a fairly comfortable time. Above all, I liked a settled home. My ideal would be to live in England and occasionally go for a trip somewhere in the same country.

A short time ago the coloured porter suddenly lighted the gas, which surprised me as the sun was shining. In a moment, however, the mystery was explained—a tunnel, or a series of tunnels, rather. Jol has come back and has made friends with the man opposite, who turns out to be an acquaintance of a man in our Service.

Somewhere about eight o'clock, we have dined and are now at Santa Barbara. The sensation of the journey was our suddenly coming on the shore of the Pacific about sunset. We ran right down almost to the water's edge. It was most beautiful! We enjoyed it until the darkness hid it from us. The sky was almost cloudless, first blue and gold; then the blue turned Nile green, and the gold became flaming orange, while the sea was silvery with suggestions of electric blue and white surf. And one thought of the immense extent of the two Pacifics, washing up to the North Pole on the one hand, and down to the South Pole on the other, swinging from California to Japan, and from South America to Australasia. As I said to Jol, the sea seems to be a prison when one is on it, but it gives a sense of illimitable expansion when one is by its shore.

But to the present and the land. We have taken on a good many Santa Barbara people, and are off again. Jol says there is a special car behind with "No admission" on it. This carries no less a toff than the local Agent of the Line. A large number of excited American women are running about. A crowded carriage is detestable, and there is actually less room in a Pullman when over-full than in an ordinary first-class compartment in England. Two in a section are comfortable, three are endurable, but four must be intolerable. One does not want to borrow

trouble, but how I shall manage to get my face washed to-morrow morning I don't know. It is a case of "De Lawd will see yer froo." It comes to this: that one has to confide in Providence. We are suddenly beginning to make up for lost time. I am sorry for the late diners, and feel thankful it is not our dinner that is being "shook up" in this cruel manner!

Before I forget it, I should like to make a note about a very large green parrot we saw to-day at Los Angeles Station, in his cage decorating the top of a van of luggage. He seemed quite philosophical and unperturbed by his odd situation. We also saw two peacocks in a crate, but they were less happy, apparently. I never like the sight of peacocks, as they are (for us) such unlucky birds. Also their feathers. I have quite a superstition about them as warning of trouble. We once came upon a crop of these feathers in the Commissioner's house at the Peak, Hong Kong, 4 Cameron Villas, in 1899, and what our luck was like at Kowloon that time I don't care to recollect. Suffice to say that it was bad even for us, and we are the children of calamity, Jol and I, in some ways.

Recalling Madame Zarrah, the palmist, she said I had as it were "rise" in me, and a good line of Fate, but that is different from luck. She also said we should never be long anywhere, at least for the present. I am afraid she is right in that last prediction, at any rate. (*N.B.* I did not prompt her at all.) She warned me against women, as unlikely to be loyal friends, and also of allowing my own judgment to be over-ruled.

*Friday, April 22nd, 1904. San Francisco.* We arrived yesterday morning about one hour and a half late—luckily—and came to the Occidental Hotel, to Room 226 at first,



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*Friday, April 22nd, 1904. San Francisco.* We arrived yesterday morning about one hour and a half late—luckily—and came to the Occidental Hotel, to Room 226 at first,

changing to-day to 319 where for fifty cents a day more we get a sitting-room. Very nice. First I must chronicle that I have got a really bad cold. It is not a cold in the strict sense of the word, but is assuredly an attack of germs from the Pullmans. Without having been exposed in any way to chill, I have developed all the old chest symptoms I used to suffer from. No doubt there are many consumptives in and about El Paso and Los Angeles, and they leave infection everywhere, poor things.

But to drop health subjects—merely remarking that (D.G.) Jol seems to be mending a little—and come to San Francisco. We arrived about an hour and a half late, as I recorded before, and were put out on the station floor—there are few platforms in America—with our hand baggage to face the wide, wide world alone. No porters! Most of the Americans chased off humbly, but two old ladies (one very fierce) and Jol and I remained. He went afield to see what he could get in the way of help, and dug out the station-master, who came to look at our sad plight and then offered to send a porter with a hand-truck to remove us and the old ladies to the frontier, as it were. He was as good as his word, and we got out of the station, with the fierce old lady abusing San Francisco and slinging “Chicago” at ’em hard! Then we found that all the hackney cabs were also on strike, but there was a vehicle waiting which looked remarkably like a mourning carriage, as the horses were black with long tails and the harness was black and silver. But, as we said at the time, if it had been the hearse itself we should gladly have availed ourselves of it to take us to the Occidental Hotel.

Jol had a personal introduction from the Los Angeles Hotel, and the Occidental was very friendly in con-

sequence. I was rather struck by the immense quantity of American flags stuck up in the hall as decorations. I think there were about sixteen of Old Glory. After settling ourselves we went and had breakfast in the hotel café. Not bad, but a dull room. After breakfast, and doing the best we could to remove a little grime, we went out to find a Kodak place, and Jol went about our passage and the bonded luggage. There was some trouble about this, as the California Customs are not on quite good terms with New York. Then we found the World Drug Co. to do my films, and the "Creamerie" to dine in, where there was a German waiter, thank goodness. Native Americans are less satisfactory. In one of the intervals we did the "wash"—in two parts, as the luggage arrived from Monterey, and a second lot of "laundry" had to be sent out. There was not so much as we feared, prices being awful. How the natives afford clean clothes I really don't know! I should take to coloured underwear if I honoured these shores with my presence for any length of time. In the evening I had a hot bath, as I was very dirty, or dusty rather. It is clean dirt, but very adhesive.

This morning my cold was very bad, and I coughed until I was exhausted. We got out late to breakfast and saw the Americans lunching. Their hour is twelve, so we presume they make an early breakfast. They seem to dine about six, the swell ones about seven. Altogether they keep early hours. We breakfasted at the "Creamerie" and liked it very well. They have excellent cocoa and coffee and good cake, and their meat is quite up to the average. After breakfast we went to give my No. 6 film to be developed, and had a bad experience at the World Drug Co. The nice man of last night was gone, and a

silly youth was in his place who knew nothing of Kodaks and nearly broke my No. 6 trying to get the film out. We took it away, and the film, and bestowed our custom upon Goldsmith in Sutter Street. It was sunny, so I stayed out for my cold. I even climbed a hill to force my lungs to act. Meanwhile Jol came in and moved us to the better room. It is a very nice southern room—or rooms, rather, a large sitting-room and a bedroom behind with a truly royal hanging cupboard.

When I came back Jol went out to see the Turkish Bath, etc., and I put a pocket in my black stuff dress—a luxury I have long wanted. All is vanity, except a pocket. We went out to dinner about six, also to the “Creamerie.” My diet seems unsatisfactory nowadays as my appetite is bad. I seem to live on eggs, coffee, bread, butter and macaroni, with a little fruit. To-day I ate bananas as the strawberries were poor. To-night I hanker after an orange as I am thirsty.

Our adventures here threaten to be very flat and thin, owing to the climate. The wind is dreadful, so high and cold. To-day there was sun, but I saw little to snap, and the wind was so fierce that I could scarcely venture to take my hand off my hat in order to hold the Kodak level. I wish I could learn to snap with one hand. I ought to mention that Jol got a letter from Wilfrid—not a line from Louis. He is an ungrateful little beast. No one else wrote for the best of reasons. No one else had our address, as we wished to be spared nonsense about “Patrick going to see dear Auntie.”

Jol has managed to capture two eggs to wash our dusty feathers, so I must stop this wooden record and proceed to an experiment of which I fight shy, i.e. breaking an

egg on the side of the tumbler. It never goes right with me, that little experiment, yet Chinese cooks do it with ease, grace and certainty. For a wonder I succeeded at the first shot. Washed my hair which was positively *stiff* with dust. I hope it will turn out well. Have I ever remarked that I am rapidly growing grey? That is to say, a crop of grey hairs appear and then disappear. They are waxing at present, and may or may not wane again as they have done hitherto.

This evening we had a look at the paper and saw a most horrible account of four young murderers, three of whom have just been executed. Not one had reached the age of twenty-five, and between them they had committed eight murders, all by shooting. They were called Car Barn Bandits, whatever that means. These cold-blooded and practically unprovoked crimes point to something radically wrong in the ideals of America. When a man is driven to desperation, and commits murder under strong provocation, or even in imagined self-defence, it is scarcely so ominous. But when young fellows with no reason to do so, shoot people in this wholesale way, one begins to suspect widespread homicidal mania. If I were an American I should agitate for a law to prevent anyone under twenty-five from carrying a revolver at all, and anyone over that age could only get the weapon on paying a heavy tax. It is a bad weapon for boys and youths to possess. Nothing will prevent a certain amount of murdering, I am afraid, but allowing everyone to carry revolvers makes the crime undesirably easy. Take Ed Gammon's case, already recorded. If he had not been in possession of a handy firearm the tragedy would scarcely have been possible. It is a difficult thing for a human being to kill

another with his hands, or even with a knife, but a shot is only too readily fired, and no defence is available.

Jol was remarking how very uninteresting American papers are—apart from evil-doing. It is such a widespread country that the interest is too much thinned, as it were. As a contrast to those of Europe, a visitor may take some interest in the conditions round him, but in itself the life is dull and pointless. People all seem tired, and the elders are seedy while the juniors are often impudent and empty. It is what I said before—want of ideals and want of faith. But mere credulity is rife enough, and palmists and clairvoyants flourish. I feel by the way sportively inclined to interview a clairvoyant, as I am led to believe they will gasp and gurgle and turn themselves inside out—all for a dollar.

Palmistry I understand to a certain extent. There is some subtle connection between the lines in a hand and the person's character, if not strictly speaking, their Fate. I don't take much stock in predictions—although Lysle Thomas certainly foretold several things to me quite accurately. And I have had premonitions myself which have come true. I can't profess to get a glimpse of the future at will. It is given to one suddenly, and is seldom a pleasant sensation. I do not know how other people fare, but when Second Sight comes to me it first takes the form of a disturbance. I feel wretchedly unhappy, and then out of the gloom comes an impression which I cannot alter or disregard. It is a warning, as a rule. I remember how I felt in May, 1896, when we were off to China. The misfortunes that befell us during seven years or so seemed to press on me at once. The strange inward Voice said that practically nothing would go right,

and a good deal would go wrong. This, one may admit, came literally true. In 1900 the same Warning was fainter, but still impressed on me. This time I have no certain foreboding of the future. Of course I could easily worry myself at any time into thinking of all kinds of assorted misfortunes that might possibly befall us, but that is quite different and is a controllable matter of one's own mind and outlook. What I am writing about is absolutely unlike that. It comes from without, it is forced on one against one's will, and it cannot be banished. In good moods and dark ones it is there just the same—like an actual event that has happened. The only premonition I have now is to give up literary projects and wait for some other work—I mean, not to throw any hope into one's scribbling, but make a pastime of it merely. Behind that comes a faint impression that I shall find something else to do.

*Saturday, 23rd April, 1904.* Shakespeare and St. George! Since this anniversary in 1903 we have visited Stratford-on-Avon, which came in usefully when shown last week in Los Angeles an imitation of Shakespeare's house.

Jol has been rather seedy again to-day, but I try to hope it is not *very* serious. Still, the smallest ailment of the sort makes me nervous, after our dreadful experiences in 1901. My own cold is bad, though perhaps it is looser. I have the same "churchyard cough" that I struggled with in 1890-5. In tearing off our calenders to bring them up to date, I came across the motto for last Sunday:

"If you fight against God's enemy,  
God will, in justice, guard you as  
His soldiers."

—*Richard III*, Act V, Sc. 3.



Very prettily put! So far as I know, I want to "fight against God's enemy." One doesn't always know.

Well, what have we done to-day? We began with an attack of common sense and decided against the Observation Car. Did we want to run up one street and down another for two hours? We thought not. So we trammed out to Cliff House. It took nearly an hour, was not interesting, and was fatiguing. Cliff House is built on some rocks by the shore. Jol saw it in 1890, but I was too tired to go. It was at its best to-day, I should think, and I was interested in all the "Sea-lions" rolling about on the rocks. They looked like large fat maggots of a dirty light brown. Some were swimming about, but most of them were basking on the rocks. I had No. 0 with me and took some general snaps, but the Sea-lions were out of reach. By the way, Goldsmith has developed my No. 0 very well, and I am having some printed, also another roll of six exposures developed and a roll of No. 1. One misses a great deal of pleasure when one does not develop one's own snaps. I ought to make a list of my films to date. I have ten No. 3. Four of New York, one of the Mississippi Ferry, one of a Mississippi boat, one of a river view, one roadside with a church, one cabin with (I hope) niggers, one roadside plain.

Of No. 1 I have altogether about eighteen, if not twenty-four, of which the most interesting will be the Juarez ones when these are developed. The Los Angeles shop over-developed for me, which is a pity. The best work has come from Goldsmith's here, and Gessner's in New Orleans. I have a good many of No. 0. Unfortunately I don't recognize all the places, and I wish I had marked them all down at the time. Some of New Orleans

are unmistakable, notably those of Canal Street and St. Roch.

It is actually two weeks to-day since we arrived in New Orleans, and a week since we got to Los Angeles. Jol has been seedy for a week, better one day and worse the next. I hope he will throw it all off at sea. Let me now put down our dates. Left London, Tuesday, 29th March. Left Southampton, Wednesday, 30th March. Left Cherbourg, 30th March. Arrived New York, Wednesday, April 6th. Left New York, Thursday, April 7th. Arrived and left Cincinnati, Friday, April 8th. Arrived New Orleans, Saturday night, April 9th. Left New Orleans Tuesday, noon, April 12th. Arrived and left San Antonio, Wednesday, 13th April. Arrived El Paso, Thursday, 14th April. Left El Paso, Friday, 15th April. Arrived Los Angeles Saturday, noon, 16th April. Left Los Angeles, Wednesday, 20th April. Arrived San Francisco, Thursday, 21st April. (D.V.) Will leave San Francisco on Tuesday, 26th April.

*Sunday, 24th April, 1904.* A lovely day. Cloudless sky and very little wind for *San Francisco*. We breakfasted at the Vienna Restaurant in Sutter Street, and then had a look at Chinatown and the "Chinks," as the Chinese are called. We also saw the monument to Louis Stevenson—a drinking fountain adorned by a bronze galleon (I think it is a galleon, a ship, anyhow) with gilt sails. "To Remember Robert Louis Stevenson."

After getting back and recharging No. o., we went out to Golden Gate Park, which we saw under the best auspices. There were crowds there, and numbers of children. I got many snaps, among others one of a statue to the honour of the author and composer of "The Star

Spangled Banner," and a statue of President Garfield, who was assassinated in 1881. There is a fine statue of Schiller and Goethe, but it was in the shade so I had to pass it. We saw the Music Stand, not unlike the Marble Arch and Hyde Park Corner combined, heard the band and had some tea in the Japanese Gardens close by. These are very pretty, and the tea (Japanese style) was very refreshing. We bought four paper napkins as souvenirs.

We went to the Café Sprechels to dinner, as it is in the highest building of San Francisco, a great square tower in Market Street, the Call Building. The Rotisserie Floor where we had our meal is two hundred and ten feet high, the fifteenth storey. The eighteenth storey is two hundred and sixty feet, lantern two hundred and eighty-four, beacon two hundred and ninety, top of lantern three hundred and fifteen, flag three hundred and sixty feet. The distant view was all our fancy painted it, but the prices were even higher than the Rotisserie Floor. Jol feels peculiarly bitter about the dry toast, twenty-five cents, and the potatoes—which are generally "given in," city custom—fifteen cents, and some stinking, uneatable Sierra Cheese, fifteen cents. It was a cruel swindle, and we should not be surprised to hear that the Rotisserie Floor had to shut its doors in the face of a justly outraged populace. It would be interesting to know what they would have asked for a cup of coffee.

After that experience and feeling fleeced, we went down to look at the Ferries. Very interesting. We hope to do Oaklands and Alameda to-morrow. And I must remember picture post cards. When we arrived on Thursday morning we seemed to have a good deal of time, but the hours have flown somehow. I must not forget to record

that the lift man ("elevator porter") is a Londoner of, I think, Irish extraction. He was in the 16th Lancers and has served in Egypt and India. The only other item I remember at this moment is our meeting with Captain Finch, our skipper of the s.s. *Gaelic*, and his wife. He is quite young and seems very cheerful. We saw them in the lift. We also saw a very large Protestant parson, of the type of the late Dr. Yates of Shanghai. I think it is a vanishing type nowadays, but it was common enough fifty to a hundred years ago. It is very massive, inert, uncouth, and yet vital. These men lived to a good old age, often used up two or three wives, and filled out a Geneva gown, or a black, broadcloth frock coat, to admiration.

Talking of two or three wives, the paper to-day had a most sensational account of the latest London murderer, Crossman, with sketches of his domestic circumstances. He was supposed to be living with three wives under one roof, and hiding the body of a fourth in the cellar. The artist has much fancy who illustrated this story! Another gem in the paper was an interview with Miss Isabel Irving, whom I remember to have seen in small parts playing with Ada Rehan in Daly's company in 1890 or so, in London. Miss Irving offered the reporter a sonnet to read, one of A. Symond's. He puts it thus: "I read this throb while Miss Irving waited." The whole interview is delightful, and it ends with the remark that next time he interviews her it will be with an alarum clock in his tail pocket. I can only lift one more tit-bit from that paper: *re* the proper manner or style in which to eat frogs. "Frogs," says the lady fashion monitor, the manners-mongeress, "are not game, and therefore their legs can be eaten from the fingers, but the bones must not be put down beside

the plate, but must be laid on it." Small, dry cakes that are not "mushy" may be eaten "from" the fingers, everything else demands the use of a fork. Soup, by the way, must be taken from the side of the spoon without a noise!

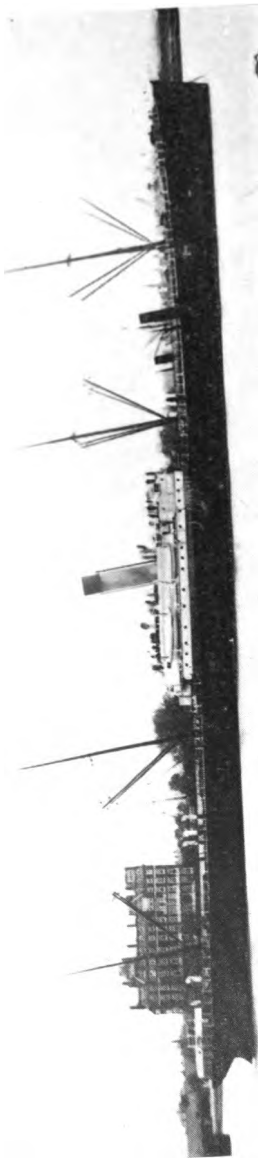
*Monday, 25th April, 1904.* The dear Mother's birthday, so I wrote her a line. I also wrote to Wilfrid in reply to his letter of the 6th April, which awaited us on our arrival here last Thursday. I must now go out and tackle post cards. I shall buy a dozen, I think, and dispatch them broadcast. It is a dull and chilly day and no snaps are possible, so I am glad I took some yesterday. Must buy some films for Honolulu. Two dozen No. 0 I think will be sufficient, as I have some No. 3 and No. 1 in the Kodaks. I got my prints, etc., to-day. They are done in Velox, and are not so pretty as P.O.P. Still they are interesting souvenirs of a long journey.

We have had a worry this morning, when a Mrs. Eliza W. Halliday pounced on us and asked us to take her Japanese maid back to Japan. This we will not do, as we are both seedy and cannot have a Japanese girl knocking about with the *entrée* to our cabin. I wrote a civil refusal and now the good lady has called and Jol is dealing with her. If she insists on seeing me she will catch rather a Tartar, I fear. It is very intrusive, but perhaps she has only come to thank me for refusing! I must wait till Jol comes back with news. We are taking it easy to-day, and mean to straggle about and see the town on foot, having given up Oaklands as the weather is bad and the place is, I am afraid, uninteresting. I want instead to see the Mission Dolores.

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WHITE STAR STEAMER OF SAME TYPE AND PERIOD 1904 AS S.S. "GAELIC"

*Nautical Photo Agency*

*Facing Page 140*

## SECTION VII

On the Pacific—Various small incidents—The pleasant Captain—  
Fellow passengers—Bad cold—Amused by old numbers of  
*The Graphic*, 1895—April 26th-30th.

*26th April, Tuesday.* We are now on the Pacific, a few miles out from the Golden Gate on board the s.s. *Gaelic*. She seems almost dangerously small after the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, and we feel every time she rolls as if we should slip off into the sea.

Eight bells have just been struck. That means tea. Now tea is a risk at sea. It sometimes settles one's fate in an instant. However, we must go and "face the music," as fasting too long is also calculated to upset one. There is a long steady Pacific swell on, and the good ship (one always calls her the "good ship!") creaks comfortably through it, making about eleven knots, I should think. We are very nicely settled in two cabins, luggage in one, ourselves in the other. This is the height of luxury at sea. A millionaire can ask no more. Two Chinese wait on us, one a "larn-pidgin."

*27th April, Wednesday.* To begin with, Jol wishes me to state that he is behaving with great dignity and fortitude under almost unhappy circumstances. It is, and has been, exceedingly rough. We had a dreadful night. I slept a little, Jol hardly at all. One felt as if one might be



flung out of one's bunk, and that does not conduce to refreshing slumbers. However, we have worked through the day somehow, and it is now about nine o'clock at night. And the first day of being cold and seasick always seems the longest somehow. At dinner to-night I heard the Doctor remark that we should have a change of temperature about Friday. It was only 57° Farenheit in the cabin to-day. I like it to be at least ten degrees warmer.

I am getting the impression that ink made from ink pellets is peculiarly clogging to my pen, as I notice that I have to wash it well at least once a day, if not oftener, to get it to work. As soon as it begins scratching I wash it. It seems to be getting rougher. There is a very heavy sea on although the weather is not bad. Even the Captain admits that it is rough, and we have the "fiddles" on—what Americans call "racks." My diary-loving qualities have temporarily deserted me, and I do not feel much inclined to jot down anything except my opinion of the person who wrote the folder called "Hawaii" in which he talks of the "pond-like Pacific." Perhaps he knew more lively ponds than I have done, but I should call this ocean the exact opposite of "pond-like."

We think of stopping over at Honolulu, and I have been studying Ananias's folder, also the map. I am surprised to find—being an ignoramus—that Honolulu itself is not on Hawaii at all, but on another island called Oahu. The great "tame" volcano, Kilauea, is on Hawaii, and its town is Hilo. It costs \$50 each (gold) to go and see this volcano, so Jol and I don't feel hungry about it now. I only want to walk about Honolulu and get a little South Sea Island feeling into my bones. It is curious how one's little desires are being gratified one by one. . . . I have

long wanted to see a South Sea Island, and here is the chance. The only bar to one's wishes is against our literary success, strange to say. Other things are granted to one.

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 nurse or Philip Jackson's *Quinine* I think. Or—simpler  
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 I should like to see India, Siam and Burmah, if possible,  
 but that trip, going from China means a good deal of  
 sea. But that is still bad though characteristically it is  
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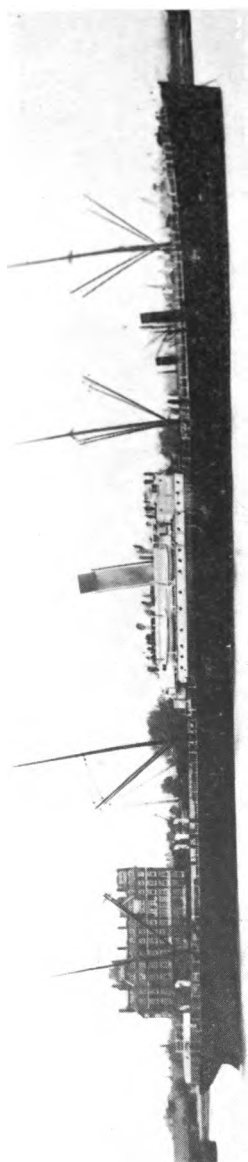


the plate, but must be laid in it." Small fry makes that are not "mushy" may be eaten "from" the fingers, everything else demands the use of a fork. Soup, by the way, must be taken from the side of the spoon without a noise.

*Monday, 2nd April, 1902.* The dear Mother's birthday, so I wrote her a line. I also wrote to Willard in reply to his letter of the 6th April, which awaited us on our arrival here last Thursday. I must now go out and tackle post cards. I shall buy a dozen, I think, and dispatch them broadcast. It is a dull and chilly day and no snaps are possible, so I am glad I took some yesterday. Must buy some film for Honolulu. Two dozen No. 6 I think will be sufficient, as I have some No. 3 and No. 1 in the Kodaks. I got my prints, etc., to-day. They are done in *Velox*, and are not so pretty as P.O.P. Still they are interesting souvenirs of a long journey.

We have had a worry this morning, when a Mrs. Eliza W. Halliday pounced on us and asked us to take her Japanese maid back to Japan. This we will not do, as we are both seedy and cannot have a Japanese girl knocking about with the *entrée* to our cabin. I wrote a civil refusal and now the good lady has called and Jol is dealing with her. If she insists on seeing me she will catch rather a Tartar, I fear. It is very intrusive, but perhaps she has only come to thank me for refusing! I must wait till Jol comes back with news. We are taking it easy to-day, and mean to straggle about and see the town on foot, having given up Oaklands as the weather is bad and the place is, I am afraid, uninteresting. I want instead to see the Mission Dolores.





WHITE STAR STEAMER OF SAME TYPE AND PERIOD 1904 AS S.S. "GAELIC"

*Nautical Photo Agency*

*Facing Page 141*

## SECTION VII

On the Pacific—Various small incidents—The pleasant Captain—  
Fellow passengers—Bad cold—Amused by old numbers of  
*The Graphic*, 1895—April 26th-30th.

*26th April, Tuesday.* We are now on the Pacific, a few miles out from the Golden Gate on board the s.s. *Gaelic*. She seems almost dangerously small after the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, and we feel every time she rolls as if we should slip off into the sea.

Eight bells have just been struck. That means tea. Now tea is a risk at sea. It sometimes settles one's fate in an instant. However, we must go and "face the music," as fasting too long is also calculated to upset one. There is a long steady Pacific swell on, and the good ship (one always calls her the "good ship!") creaks comfortably through it, making about eleven knots, I should think. We are very nicely settled in two cabins, luggage in one, ourselves in the other. This is the height of luxury at sea. A millionaire can ask no more. Two Chinese wait on us, one a "larn-pidgin."

*27th April, Wednesday.* To begin with, Jol wishes me to state that he is behaving with great dignity and fortitude under almost unhappy circumstances. It is, and has been, exceedingly rough. We had a dreadful night. I slept a little, Jol hardly at all. One felt as if one might be

flung out of one's bunk, and that does not conduce to refreshing slumbers. However, we have worked through the day somehow, and it is now about nine o'clock at night. And the first day of being cold and seasick always seems the longest somehow. At dinner to-night I heard the Doctor remark that we should have a change of temperature about Friday. It was only 57° Farenheit in the cabin to-day. I like it to be at least ten degrees warmer.

I am getting the impression that ink made from ink pellets is peculiarly clogging to my pen, as I notice that I have to wash it well at least once a day, if not oftener, to get it to work. As soon as it begins scratching I wash it. It seems to be getting rougher. There is a very heavy sea on although the weather is not bad. Even the Captain admits that it is rough, and we have the "fiddles" on—what Americans call "racks." My diary-loving qualities have temporarily deserted me, and I do not feel much inclined to jot down anything except my opinion of the person who wrote the folder called "Hawaii" in which he talks of the "pond-like Pacific." Perhaps he knew more lively ponds than I have done, but I should call this ocean the exact opposite of "pond-like."

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one used to enjoy his sketches! They were always original and he had the art of concealing art. There was never any visible effort to be "funny." He had a delightfully confidential manner, which all his imitators fail to catch in its unaffected charm. George Grossmith, for instance, who is distinctly amusing, insists on being a trifle too familiar, almost impudent.

I broke off at that point to get ready for dinner. I don't think I have mentioned that I have got out my sandals and am wearing them. They are far more comfortable than shoes, and I consider they look better than "hygienic" footwear. (The "pen" is inclined to "give" again. I wonder why? It has been washed and all.)

Suddenly this evening I recollected the great Methodist Episcopal gathering at the Occidental Hotel the night before we left. There were well over two hundred men and women present, and there were said to be about twenty Bishops attending it. Such an extraordinary crowd! The men were very thick in the figure as a rule, and wore long hair. The women of all ages were to my mind rather unattractive. They all practised Lord Goltho's handshake, nearly wagging the hand off. There was a band—piano, violin, cornet and clarionet—that discoursed suitable music to which no one seemed to listen. Of course that band played "Hiawatha." One cannot in heaven or the other place get away from this Two Step. Before supper the band blew and strummed and scraped at the top of the stairs. At supper it was curled into a corner near the door.

In such a crowd it was difficult to pick out individuals, but we saw a little group of Japanese, and a very fat lady in rather a good get-up of black and white lace. We

thought she was helping to pay for the feed, or else a "big personage" of some sort. She went in to supper about the first, and was very active beforehand.

We were much entertained by seeing a man remarkably like Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, with the same head, the same thick hair powdered with grey, and the same dominating manner. It was really a startling resemblance, and one that did not wear off as we looked more closely at the double—in the way that these chance resemblances sometimes do, seeming very great at first sight and disappearing as one studies them intimately. This man *was* the age, we judged, that Mr. Chamberlain *looks*—namely, about forty-eight or fifty. To complete the likeness he was more carefully got up and groomed than the average of the Methodists, and had the spick and span appearance of the great English statesman whom he resembled. We wondered if he had any idea that he was so very like Mr. Chamberlain. I felt inclined to speak to him and mention it, but it seemed an absurd thing to do, so I refrained. Besides, he might not have liked to be told he so strongly resembled any Britisher. It is always well to err on the safe side. "Be checked for silence, but never taxed for speech."

That Conference cheered up our last evening very pleasantly, and I don't think I shall ever forget it. But it is getting late and I must stop. "Five bells" have just gone, otherwise in the language of land-lubbers—half-past ten. A word or two more. We have had a shake about Honolulu—from the Captain who says it is uninteresting, the hotels are very dear and there are many mosquitoes. Of course we do not want to make ourselves thoroughly unhappy, and it is a nuisance to pack up and leave the

ship. But again it is a long voyage if we don't break it, and it is a chance to see Honolulu which may never occur again. I won't say anything rash, as I hold myself always ready to submit to Fate or Providence. But of my own free will nothing would ever induce me to cross the Pacific again, therefore we might as well see Honolulu and Hawaii if it is at all feasible. I do not think it would be good policy to linger in Japan, as it might rouse the Inspector General to play us one of his pretty little tricks. He is sure to do something, and the beauty of the situation is that one can never guess exactly what he will do—except that it will be worrying. One of his weapons is to leave people hanging about waiting for orders, but we should not mind that so much, as we could spend the time at Macao if marooned in the south, and at Chefoo if in the north.

*29th April, 1904, Friday.* Just had a bath. There is no news and nothing to write about, so I must forage for a subject. In one of either Ellen or Edith Fowler's novels one of the girls said she always tried the "alphabet plan" in talking, i.e. starting subjects that began with A and going on through the other letters. In talking to oneself on paper it is more difficult, as one has to hit on a subject that interests one's own mind, whereas with other people you never know when you may say something that will catch their attention and wake them up. Take "A," Austria, Australia or America. If one mentioned these places casually to a stranger, one might stir him to talk of them.

To revert to present conditions: our day on board is very quiet and regular. We breakfast in the cabin at half-past eight or nine, thanks to the courteous attention

of Chinese stewards, who serve us so willingly. Then we dress at leisure and get out comfortably to luncheon at one. Then the hours go a little faster. Tea soon follows lunch, and dinner does not seem so long after tea. Then one keeps very early hours, thinks of going to bed, and gets there about half-past ten o'clock, instead of at midnight as one does on shore.

This is actually Friday, the 29th, and to-morrow the World's Fair opens at St. Louis. I have been looking at the folder about it, and admiring the photographs of the buildings. These are temporary structures of wood and stucco, but they look very well, so well that I wonder some millionaire does not immortalize his name by presenting permanent editions of these buildings to St. Louis. Beautiful architecture is certainly a crown to a nation. Why is there not a universal passion for splendid and stately buildings? Think of the vista from the Call Building at San Francisco. The poverty from an artistic point of view, and meanness of the streets. The Middle Ages did better, though their sanitation was worse. I am sure modern life would improve in artistic value if really handsome buildings were put up everywhere, because a magnificent background would surely tempt human beings to "fix" themselves to match, as they would hardly like it if every prospect dazzled and only man (and woman) disgraced the gay scene.

Why don't I read? I have no idea. Only I don't. Yet when I took up Pepys the other day I was much entertained by the account of his poor brother Tom's funeral. Too many people came to that festive gathering, far more than Samuel had "bidden." He asked a hundred and twenty, and a hundred and fifty came. What they had

was an allowance of six biscuits each and as much "burnt claret" as they pleased. They swam in burnt claret, as it were. Pepys and Montaigne are very unlike, and yet they both gossip about themselves to the pleasure of later ages. With Pepys it is all gossip, whereas Montaigne attracts his readers by tacking on something more, as his gossip is shot with psychology.

It is tea-time and I have been hunting for films and have come across my snaps of Jackson Square, Audobon Park and Metairie Cemetery, New Orleans. Very pretty. The No. 0 are best as a rule, the little pictures are so very clear.

30th April, Saturday. I must record that I brought on a splitting headache yesterday by wading through a six-months volume of the *Graphic*. I had to miss dinner, and seeing the s.s. *China* (from Honolulu) pass us about ten o'clock. They also had a dance on deck, and Jol met the ship's butcher—but that was before dinner—and had a most interesting conversation with him. Jol's capacity for talk surprises me. Ten minutes' ordinary chat plays me out. Yet I used to be much more sociable than Jol. One alters with years. Could I now stand saturating doses of my old friends as I used to in Chefoo? I trow not. And why? That I cannot tell. Yet one ought to know something about one's own psychological processes, and why one liked—nay positively enjoyed—in 1889 a state of things which would now "send one silly," to borrow an elegant phrase of Jessie's. But I must get up as my headache—though not gone—is better and does not justify tiffin in one's cabin, unless it becomes much worse again in the process of dressing. The fountain-pen wants attention, too, and a bath.

About 3 p.m. We have had some lunch, and I have been practising a trifle on the ship's piano—just to keep my fingers from getting stiff. Is my headache better? It is not gone, but is past the stage when one has to lie flat. I do not call this an exciting moment in one's life. Still, it might be worse. Let me note that the sea has turned a wonderfully deep blue, quite unlike the ordinary Pacific greeny grey. The thermometer is rising, and it is about 68°, a very pleasant temperature. Mr. Wickham, the Hong Kong man, and Miss Franklin have developed about forty films in her daylight Developing Machine. I am beginning to wish that I had kept out some of my dishes and chemicals, also some printing paper and toning. I really must classify my films of which I have a lovely stock. I find the prints easier to recognize than the "negs." I think I had better stop writing and do a little point lace work for a chance. Writing is a disease!

About half-past six. I must set down that one of our girlish fellow travellers turns out to be an editress, and the other is an actress. So they say—probably with truth. They are both rather frisky and free, but 'tis the American style.

In turning over Pepys just now I found that he was born in 1632 or so, and was therefore only about twenty-seven when he began his diary, and left it off when he was forty. I always had an idea that he was about fifty at least, and we must admit that his remarks about "mighty pretty women," etc., are natural enough in a young man. It is curious that a straightforward account of a human being's daily doings, his "little life that is rounded with a sleep," is nearly always interesting. Look at Augustus J. C. Hare, how entertaining he is—to me at



least. He did not suppress details in a dignified way, i.e. leave out toothsome bits of family "spats," etc. I believe the Hares did not entirely relish all his frankness, but it adds to the interest.

In the sixth and last volume of his "Life" he gives a list of the vipers he had warmed—no names mentioned, only numbers. It was very entertaining. I think there were seven or eight he had specially helped, the majority being very ungrateful. It is the usual return for kindness, of course, but few people would lay bare their experiences in this honest way.

Half-past nine. In a moment of desperate conscientiousness I have actually counted and classified all my films. The grand total is eighty-eight. About two-thirds are satisfactory, and quite twenty are very good. I have in hand and unexposed for Honolulu and this voyage twenty-five No. 0, one No. 1 and three No. 3.

I have seen Miss Franklin's and Mr. Wickham's negatives. They are wonderful! Miss Franklin has a No. 3A (post card), a very pretty size. His is No. 3 (quarter-plate). Photography is certainly a very fascinating pursuit, and I quite take it for my hobby in spite of the disappointments connected with it. What a lot of printing I shall have on hand when I get to Shanghai! Because of course one must have at least *one* print of each negative, and that will be eighty-eight. Then I shall send home some of the better specimens.

## SECTION VIII

Marking time on the Pacific between San Francisco and Honolulu—May 1st-2nd.

*Sunday, May 1st, 1904.* Jol has just discovered at 8.30 a.m. that I want to see Fiji and not Honolulu. I think he is right. Hawaii may not be the genuine South Sea Island of my dreams.

Perhaps in an idle moment I might set down Miss Franklin's question which she says convulsed New York: "How old was Anne?" I can't remember the exact explication, but it began with something about "Mary was twenty-four." Even after it was carefully explained I could not see the point. Then Mr. Wickham contributed another: "If a brick weighs seven pounds and half a brick, how much will a brick and a half weigh?" I can never answer questions like that, not being built that way, and I always feel as if I were straying into "Wonderland" meeting Alice, the White Rabbit, the Caterpillar, and the Queen of Hearts, with the Cheshire Cat on the bough, grinning.

We have finally decided not to "stop over" at Honolulu. After all, we shall have three hours there and are alongside the wharf. And if we can't get Honolulu into our bones with three hours to do it in, then you may figure on it that we are indeed poor fish!

This is May Day, also the Feast of Saints Philip and James. Jol produced our date blocks and I tore off from Tuesday, the 26th April, getting for that day :

“No tears, Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.”

Also Mrs. Browning's lines for the 28th :

“And I smiled to think God's greatness  
Flowed around our incompleteness,  
Round our restlessness, His rest.”

For the 29th from Shakespeare :

“All other doubts, by time let them be cleared;  
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.”

All comforting mottoes! The Captain says we are due in Yokohama on the 13th, Friday fortnight, next Friday being the 6th. Kobé I suppose we reach on the 15th, Nagasaki on the 17th, and Shanghai on the 20th or so. I think I must buy another book in Honolulu, as this is filling up. “Lips only sing when they cannot kiss,” as James Thomson put it—the “Dreadful Night” man, not “The Seasons” one—and (more prosaically) when one is actively engaged in amusing oneself, or working, of course one can't stop to take notes. That is why a man of action is so seldom a man of letters as well. There are apparent exceptions such as—well, I forget his name at the moment—but that is the rule, so I need not feel eccentric.

Why don't our thoughts go back to England more? I can't explain, unless it is that we are getting more resigned to the Will of Heaven and are learning to take the present as it comes and make the best of it without howling about the life we can't get. And besides, our leave was rather trying in many ways. Other things being equal, there cer-

tainly is no place like England; but then in our case other things are emphatically unequal, consequently China recommends itself in some ways. I hope we shall have a nice house in a tolerable Port, and that for five years we shall not squat in lodgings and hotels. But one never knows. We may get some appointment in Shanghai, in which case we shall have to live in perhaps Kalee, comfortable enough, too. Anyhow, I should not care to start a house to be torn up by the roots at a moment's notice.

Jol has had a burst of energy and unpacked various things, to find that the bottle containing our main supply of tooth-powder has got broken and has distributed its contents freely over his best clothes. (*N.B.* Why not transport tooth and other powders in a tin?) I tremble to think of the state my Saratoga is in! I suppose that everything breakable is carefully smashed. It is warmer to-day, 72° in the cabin. I shall have to think of taking off some layers of garments presently. I can ring three changes on clothing, or even four. First, take off my little flannel vest, then my silk petticoat, and then replace my woollen dress with a cotton frock. I shall do the first and third, and shall shed my silk skirt last.

Now let me think. What do I want to buy in Honolulu? No. 0 films, and failing these No. 1 and No. 3. Then post cards, and Japanese paper handkerchiefs, if my cold is still bad. Some other want seems to float in the back of my mind, besides these articles, but I can't remember what it is at this moment. In Japan I shall also desire post cards and films. Things are so seldom what one expects, otherwise I should positively count on getting very beautiful post cards in Japan.

To hark back to Los Angeles: in my notes on our

visit there I left out any mention of the guide on the Observation Car. He was a young man, rather like Alec, with a stentorian voice and wearing a good—even fashionable—suit of clothes. He seemed to be an educated man and of good social class, and we thought he was an undergraduate—student as they call it—of some University who was earning a little money in his spare time. I overheard him tell one of the more sympathetic tourists “he had said it all so often that he thought he could say it in his sleep”—from which I inferred that he was rather tired of the whole thing. It is quite an American custom for young fellows to earn their college fees in this way, I mean doing various work.

But I must break off as it is nearly tea-time—first revising my opinion about James Thomson’s remark anent singing and kissing. I think it is equally true that some kiss because they can’t sing. I occasionally amuse myself because I can’t write! Just now meals are our great excitements, not from the mortal sin of Gluttony, I trust, but from lack of other interests. However, there was something else to-day, namely a Fire Drill, which thrilled and entertained most of the passengers. I had to miss it as it took place at an awkward hour for me—noon—which is my time for dressing.

Nine p.m. We have had quite an instructive talk at dinner, and the Captain (an excellent raconteur) told us his experiences of the San Francisco stevedore strike when his First Officer was nearly beaten to death. The whole story was horrible and a heavy disgrace to America. Talk of civilization. Heavens! One is almost better off with barbarism. Now the Union is likely to meet its match over the Tram strike, also involving hackney cabs. Com-

bination fights combination, and it is practically certain that the employers will in the end beat the workers. I must say that one is driven to think badly of Democracy on the whole. I don't see that the average working man the world over is fitted to manage the affairs of a nation. Mr. Chamberlain says he believes in the intelligence of the working man. I do not. In fact, I would scarcely credit him with entirely good intentions, let alone the brains to work them out.

I call our Captain very entertaining. He sees the other side of life, away from Clubs and cities, as Stevenson says. Mentioning Robert Louis's name reminds one how he sailed happily over these same seas in 1888, I think. He loved the ocean. By the way, I did not seek out Mrs. Stevenson and Belle Strong in California. It did not seem given to me to do so, and I don't force things nowadays—though I should like to have met the woman whom R. L. S. loved and lived with so happily—also his faithful amanuensis, Mrs. Strong. But generally speaking it is vanity and vexation of spirit to meet celebrated figures, as they usually spoil one's little illusions about them.

I took a long spell at Dante before dinner, and finished the *Inferno*. Every time one reads it the whole thing is quite new again, and I always feel eager to begin "Purgatory." Apart from the subject, the treatment is fascinating even in a translation. Dante was a keen and accurate observer of small things, when, for instance, he once noticed how one frog will hop away, and another frog will boldly stand his ground. There are so many of these familiar touches, yet worked in with sublimity. One always remembers Macaulay's well-known comparison of Dante and Milton. Personally I do not get such a thrill

from the Puritan with all his grandeur of diction. Though, as Coleridge's banal and intrusive visitor remarked solemnly: "Milton is a great poet, sir!" It was after this, I think, that Charles Lamb took the candle and insisted on seeing the man's "bumps." I am delighted with Newnes' thin paper classics, and hope they will soon include Homer and Montaigne, but not with the old spelling. Why not give Florio's version with modern spelling? I have read both Florio and Cotton, and much prefer the first, but early orthography bothers me terribly, and I don't see the point of it. I should not like to have to read "Hamlet" for example, with Shakespeare's own spelling!

Have I mentioned that Miss Franklin turns out to be a kind of editress of *Leslie's Weekly*? She is an interesting girl, who has seen a good deal, read a lot, and talks well. She is also very handsome with dark hair, blue eyes and regular features. She has done Europe pretty well, and has acquired a cosmopolitan tone, in contrast to another American damsel on board, a recent bride, who is cheaply cheeky. As I have confessed before, I am not an infallible judge of Americans, but I should think her own people would agree that this young woman, Mrs. A., is socially trying. She is very jaunty and plays the part of *l'enfant gatée* in season and out, mostly out, and devastates all social intercourse in her vicinity by a kind of malicious flippancy. I don't care for very "earnest" conversation, but if people are talking about some interesting subject it is exasperating to have the whole thing wrecked because an ill-bred girl wants to show off and attract attention. At first she got some laughs especially from the men, but she soon spoilt her popularity with them by also guying their remarks. Curiously enough,

she can't talk herself, if one lets her have the floor, but flounders and flickers out—to revive only if there is any one to tease. It is difficult to give examples of her method, but it is something like this: suppose someone said he was looking forward to Japan, she would scream, with a swirl of her body and a loud laugh: "Then you had better quit, and look back a bit instead. It will keep you quiet." If anyone offered her fruit or cake at table, the reply would probably be more or less: "Say, of course I'll have it, just to stop you from eating all of it yourself." It is her manner which adds to the offence, and makes her a sort of nuisance.

However, I must think of going to bed now, as it is past ten o'clock. It seems rougher to-night, not at all "pond-like" I am afraid. Dear Ananias! What tempting phrases he uses. I suppose he feels it is necessary to live, and there is no other way. It seems we shall stay one day in Yokohama and possibly two, or three in Kobé, so if we reach Yokohama on the 14th—as it will be, for we drop a day in crossing the meridian—and spend three days in Kobé, we shall not get to Nagasaki until the 20th, and Shanghai on the 22nd, or this day three weeks. We shall have a good glimpse of Japan—a country I don't care for much in spite of its prettiness and quaintness. I have never felt drawn to it as a possible place of residence. Perhaps it is the constant earthquakes that put me off, and apart from that one would feel as if everyone was living in a paper box, or on a fan. No, my tastes are not at all what Douglas Sladen calls "Jappy." Still I don't mind a jaunt in Kobé, and Jol will see his co-executor in the Chambers estate.

In spite of my lofty and detached mood about Nippon,

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I may peradventure just look at a crepe or two and some silks. I have a slight weakness for Japanese cotton crepe, as it is ideal wear both for inner and outer garments, summer and winter. (I have had quite a treat to-night in the behaviour of my pen. It suddenly turned into a lovely, helpful character several pages back. I wish it would always act in this way.)

*Monday, May 2nd, 1904.* I don't find my cold much better, though the temperature is 74° to-day. And I have a distinct sore throat, I think from coughing so much. Cheered by a little incident. Jol has begged two small rubber bands from the Purser for my No. o films, so these are nicely done up now. I have had my bath. A very minute Chink got it ready. I have not even seen the stewardess for several days. I wonder if she is seedy? Everyone complains of the heat to-day, but I scarcely feel warm enough. (Someone as I write has played "Ah, Che la Morte." It is Miss Franklin, I think.)

*After tea. About 5.30.* And the fountain-pen has had a prolonged bath to clear its inside. Also I have picked up a "Souvenir of Hawaii" which turns out to be a skilful advertisement of a certain hotel at Waikiki, Honolulu. The Americans are very clever at advertising. But with all these lures carefully spread out before us, I still have no desire to pack up, leave the ship where we are happy and as comfortable as one hopes to be at sea, and "stop over." For one thing it would spin out our journey until June 2nd or so, and we should be travelling for nine weeks—which is a long time—besides the local voyaging we may have before us in China, either up to the north or down to Hong Kong, according to our fate.

The tea was rather filthy this afternoon and tasted

of the boiler and fresh white paint. That is the only complaint I have to make on the *Gaelic*—the tea is bad. The food is good, in fact very good, and they serve it sensibly, letting one choose one's "eats" from the menu, instead of serving the whole meal and dragging each course all round the tables in the style of former years.

I wish my throat was better. It is stiff and sore on the right side, especially when I swallow. Since Los Angeles I have been quite seedy and blame it on the Pullman germs. But Fate is so odd that, failing these germs to upset one, there would have been something else. "There is no medicine against Fate."

Miss Franklin told us at tea that Americans despised W. W. Astor for giving up his U.S. citizenship and being naturalized as a Britisher. I suggested that many of our people became naturalized as Americans, but in the curious one-sided way of her nation she considered that to be entirely different, as they gained real advantages in coming to a new and great country to better themselves. I was too polite to retort that perhaps Mr. Waldorf Astor thought he was going to an older and greater country to better himself at least socially. Anyhow it was his own affair if he preferred England to the U.S.A., and a Monarchy to a Republic, and with his wealth and position he need not grudge to his ex-countrymen the cheap pleasure of affecting to condemn him.

There has been a dreadful discovery, of which no one can foresee all the consequences. The Bonded Seals on my Saratoga trunk are broken, and none of us know what Honolulu will say or do. I should have thought that the American Customs had no right against British subjects travelling on a British ship, and that luggage on board

here was safe from any further inspection unless we attempted to re-import it into the U.S.A. or any of her Colonies. After baggage has been placed in Bond it cannot be opened in America itself under severe penalties. That is reasonable enough, but it surely is a different matter to say that the seals must be kept intact until the said baggage passes (while at sea under another Flag) the last American port. We imagine that the real object of the Seal is to prevent smuggling, and it seems to follow that if the luggage in question is not taken into American territory this object is attained; hence as the young man in Dickens said: "Why row?" In the old days Bonding was all right, as it ended automatically at San Francisco, but now there is Hawaii to be reckoned with. In any case, as the trunk was not in our custody, we can hardly be held responsible for the seals being broken. I wonder, by the way, who broke them, and whether the contents have been tampered with. The key has never left my possession, but it is not an "invincible" lock.

Six p.m. One of the ship's bells is a sharp, business-like instrument, while the other has a gloomy, tolling sound. The sharp bell is always struck first, and then they seem to use the other with its melancholy, muffled tone to complete the strokes. I wonder where in this journey we are at the greatest distance from England? About here, I should think. We are now, according to the Captain, some ten hours behind Greenwich time. Therefore it is 4 a.m. of May 3rd at this minute in London—or near enough. It sounds odd, and in crossing the Pacific there is always a sense of almost more than oddness in losing a day on the one route and gaining a day on the other. Having tried both, I find it less disturbing to miss

a date than to double it. In the one case it is scarcely noticeable, whereas to write 3rd May, 1904 on two consecutive mornings would strike one as another excursion into Wonderland. It would be still more queer not to manipulate the calendar, as in that event pilgrims would land thinking, for example, it was the 3rd of May and find it was the 4th, and on the other side would discover it to be the 2nd. Either way this would have bothered them in "Through the Looking Glass," even the White King and the Red Queen, to say nothing of Alice herself.

If this is three in the morning for London, let us hope they are resting peacefully. Somehow comparing the hours takes one's thoughts back to one's friends quite unexpectedly, and I wondered how they all were, among them some of our public characters, Joseph Chamberlain, for example. I have an idea he may break up suddenly, perhaps a case of "waiting to sail for the Harbour Fair." And so strange are human beings that the thought gives me a heartache, though I cannot say that my admiration for "Joe" as a statesman is as warm as it used to be nine years ago when he fought that triumphant election in 1895, but I love him personally, and it will be a gloomy day for me if I live to hear that he has gone over to the Great Majority. I have lost a good many of what one may call public as against private friends, and the two I mourn most bitterly and unceasingly are Robert Louis Stevenson and Cecil Rhodes. Yet I never met either of them. I also regret A. K. H. B., the Scottish Montaigne, as someone called him, and Augustus J. C. Hare, but less intensely, as they were not such a loss to the world. But one cannot forget for long either Cecil Rhodes or R. L. S. They left us too soon, at forty-eight and forty-four, and they

both had to face a hard end. Louis Stevenson had looked death in the face for fully fifteen years, and one thinks of the blood-stained handkerchief and the courage with which he worked. He got something out of life before he laid it down, and I think he enjoyed living more than Mr. Rhodes did, and yet regretted dying less. So he was the happier of the two.

The story of Cecil Rhodes from the Raid onwards is almost unrelieved tragedy, ending in that long drawn-out misery of his last weeks darkened by the South African War which his policy would have prevented, had it been honestly followed by Britain. Ten years ago Stevenson was still with us, writing "Weir of Hermiston," and appearing to be getting over his fragility, and not three years ago Cecil Rhodes was hoping and working for the Empire and the idea that lay behind it—never for himself. These two sons could ill be spared by Britain, and yet they were taken, and at the moment it seems as if there is no one to fill their places, especially that of the great Empire Builder. I no longer think that Mr. Chamberlain is really an Empire Builder. He is a Voice in the Wilderness, sometimes saying the right thing, sometimes not. He is not the Deliverer, I am afraid, but one has a considerable personal regard for him, and I hope he will last a long time yet.

The dressing-gong has banged, and I must stop scribbling and think of washing my hands. I wonder how long my cold will go on and what further symptoms will develop. We are certainly fearfully and wonderfully made, and we often get out of order. What a blessing really good health must be! I am reduced to being thankful when I am not positively ill, as I so often am. It is

the result of many years overdoing which wears out one's poor constitution. Never any real rest. I had an attack of second sight on this subject in August, 1902, but there seemed to be one's duty before one. Besides, I did not believe at that date—second sight and all—that we should not get so much as a month's rest before we left England. Yet my painful impression of August, 1902 was exactly correct, to be tautological. From the 8th October, 1902, when we left Smedley's, until we left London on March 29th last, there was never *one clear eight days of rest* for us. From August 1st to the 8th we had a small breathing spell, and again from September 19th to the 26th. I think now it was hardly quite fair to ourselves, because it was really our last chance, and a fortnight at least might have been taken in the summer of 1903 without neglecting our duty.

To-morrow morning we make Honolulu, and are "respectfully requested" to be ready very early for quarantine examination. This quarantine is one of America's little gods, and it is worshipped in season and at other times—as now when we come from a place with a clean bill of health. There were no epidemics in San Francisco, or sickness of any serious kind, yet we are going to be overhauled as if we came from the land of Egypt with Ten Plagues raging.

I have found a P. & O. folder which gives a plan of the s.s. *Gaelic*. She is bigger than I thought, being 4,300 tons burden, 420 feet long, 42 feet broad, with a draught of 29 feet. Time was, even in our lives, when she would have been considered a remarkable achievement! The folder also gives distance, and by this route it is about thirteen thousand miles from London to Shanghai, or a thousand miles

farther than by the Suez route. Roughly speaking, I should think that Yokohama is the farthest point from England, and going on to Shanghai is actually getting nearer Home again.

Now I must go to bed to be ready for "Sanitary" to-morrow. I hope they won't pounce on my cough, which is rather "lungy" at times. "Wade in, Sanitary," Bret Harte sang. I don't want to debase anyone's moral currency, but it is difficult to idealize "Sanitary," especially with the accent on the third syllable, rhyming with "airy."

## SECTION IX

Honolulu—Waikiki Beach—Results of American Occupation—  
Most enjoyable visit—May 3rd-4th, 1904.

*Tuesday, May 3rd, 1904.* We have been ashore in Honolulu! We got in about six o'clock, "Sanitary" saw us about seven and passed us very sweetly and quickly, breakfast was at eight, and the average passenger chased off the ship as if the Devil was after him about 8.30. We were more deliberate and did not start out until nearly ten o'clock. Then we walked to Fort Street and looked round, and then took the tram to the beach. That was wonderful. The folders said a good deal, but never mentioned the perfectly marvellous and heavenly blue and green and white of the Pacific Ocean as it surges into Waikiki Beach. I shall never forget it, nor the Aquarium with the bird-like fishes described by Stevenson in "The Ebb Tide." Their colouring is incredible and most lovely, like rainbows swimming.

After enjoying the Aquarium we returned to the town and I got some post cards, sending off nine, two to Agatha, three to Mrs. Chester, and four to Wilfrid. I kept three for my own collection. On the tram to Waikiki we had quite a nice talk with a Hawaiian matron, and when coming back an English girl—Hawaiian born—told us a lot of interesting things. After post carding, I went on



and got some snaps of Kamédhaméha the Great, etc. I also got a number down by the beach. Then I went back to meet Jol as arranged at the Union Grill, kept by one George Lycurgus, apparently a Greek. We wondered if that was his real name, or if he had been put up by some wag to adopting it. He looked like a Greek, and was talking some language that might have been modern Athenian. Not a bad Grill! Jol had the regular lunch, and I feasted on macaroni or spaghetti. After lunch I bought a spool for No. 0 and then we came back on board, happy and not very tired. Also quite persuaded that we wanted to go on in the *Gaelic*.

The passengers had been warned to be on board before three o'clock, as that was the hour of departure. But of course she did not sail as advertised. And there was a reason. On the far horizon could be discerned a large ship and a small tug, and we were told that the said tug was coming to pull us out from the wharf. Goodness knows when she would have arrived to perform this service, but the Captain was standing no nonsense and proved equal to the occasion. He serenely had the steamer warped out of the dock by means of a hawser from another wharf. It was exciting to watch, for at one moment it looked as if we should back right on to Honolulu, but we did not. Instead, the manoeuvre succeeded, and we stood out to sea, not much behind time.

Well, what of the South Sea Islands? On the whole, I am rather attracted by them and should like to live on one—but not Honolulu, as the Americans have nearly destroyed its original charm, except down by Waikiki Beach. They seem to have torn old Honolulu to pieces in the rage of a boom, and put up immense buildings of

the wrong sort, and now the place looks empty, stagnant and might be bankrupt. There are large shops full of goods, and few customers, and generally it almost has the aspect of a plague-stricken town. Uncle Sam did not let it grow and develop naturally, but tried to take a short cut and create a new Hawaii by the almighty word of the U.S.A. Government. "Let there arise a great and flourishing Colony overnight to whip all the British possessions wherever located!" But it did not arise in any remarkable sense, and does not compare with Hong Kong or Singapore in their old established trade.

There was on shore no news of importance from Europe at the moment, and the Russo-Japanese war is developing slowly in favour of Japan. Russia has had another catastrophe. One of her battleships is reported to be aground. She seems to be paying for all her sins at last, and the most backward of European nations is crumbling before the foremost of Far Eastern Powers.

We are turning north, alas! And the setting sun is shining in our cabin on the port side. So far it is smooth, but no one knows if it will last. We are supposed to "make" Yokohama on the 15th, dropping a day. It is the longest stretch of sea and will, I fear, be very dull. However, "Time and the hour runs through the roughest day." As a precaution against melancholy I think I shall get out my printing out paper, known as P.O.P., and do some copies of my films. There is little else to do, except scribble in this journal. Is it possible the passengers may get up some entertainment? I think not, as there are so few, only these: Mr. and Mrs. A. the pert girl and her very subdued spouse, a Jesuit of Spanish birth, Father Agreda, Miss Franklin, another girl less agreeable and

I may peradventure just look at silks. I have a slight weakness as it is ideal wear both for in summer and winter. (I have been in the behaviour of my pen. I lovely, helpful character several would always act in this way.)

*Monday, May 2nd, 1904.* I better, though the temperature is a distinct sore throat, I think I cheered by a little incident. J rubber bands from the Purser these are nicely done up now. very minute Chink got it ready. stewardess for several days. I Everyone complains of the heat warm enough. (Someone as I write la Morte." It is Miss Franklin,

*After tea. About 5.30.* And a prolonged bath to clear its insides up a "Souvenir of Hawaii" which advertisement of a certain hotel. The Americans are very clever at all these lures carefully spread out no desire to pack up, leave the ship and as comfortable as one hopes over." For one thing it would spoil June 2nd or so, and we should weeks—which is a long time—besides we may have before us in China, either down to Hong Kong, according to The tea was rather filthy this

and got me up if I could remember the Great, etc. I then went back to the beach. Then I went back to the Union Grill, kept by one George, apparently a Greek. We wondered if he was not some, or if he had been put up by some one. He looked like a Greek, and was talking in a way that might have been modern. He had the regular lunch, and had a cucumber or spaghetti. After lunch I went back to the No. 1 and then we came back on board, long and very tired. Also quite persuaded that we were going to the Coast.

The passengers had been warned to be on board before the ship, as this was the hour of departure. But of course the ship was not so advertised. And there was a man in the bar who could be discerned a large ship and a small tug and we were told that the said tug was coming to pick us up from the wharf. Goodness knew when the tug would have arrived to perform this service, but the Captain was standing no nonsense and proceeded to the stern. He scarcely had the steamer moved out of the dock by means of a derrick from another ship. It was coming to watch, for at one moment it looked as if we should back right on to Honolulu, but we did not. Indeed, the manoeuvre succeeded, and we stood on our way behind time.

Well, what of the South Sea Islands? On the whole, I am not attracted by them and should like to live in the old-fashioned Honolulu, as the Americans have nearly turned to signal charms, except down by Waikiki. They seem to have turned old Honolulu to pieces and put up a new, and put up immense buildings of

of the boiler and fresh white paint. That is the only complaint I have to make on the *Goshu*—the tea is bad. The food is good, in fact very good, and they serve a *menchi* letting one choose one's "ears" from the menu, instead of serving the whole meal and dragging each man all round the tables in the style of former years.

I wish my throat was better. It is stiff and sore on the right side, especially when I swallow. Since Los Angeles I have been quite seedy and blame it on the *Polio* germs. But Fate is so odd that falling three germs on upset one, there would have been something else. "There is no medicine against Fate."

Miss Franklin told us at tea that Americans despised W. W. Astor for giving up his U.S. citizenship and being naturalized as a Britisher. I suggested that many of our people became naturalized as Americans, but in the curious one-sided way of her nation she considered that to be entirely different, as they gained real advantages in coming to a new and great country to better themselves. I was too polite to retort that perhaps Mr. Washburn Astor thought he was going to an older and greater country to better himself at least socially. Anyhow it was his own affair if he preferred England to the U.S.A. and a Monarchy to a Republic, and with his wealth and position he need not grudge to his ex-citizenship the cheap pleasure of affecting to condemn him.

There has been a dreadful discovery, of which no one can foresee all the consequences. The *Border State* on my *Saratoga* trunk are broken, and none of us know what Honolulu will say or do. I should have thought that the American Customs had no right against British subjects travelling on a British ship, and that baggage on board

place looks empty, stagnant. There are large shops full of goods and generally it almost has a town. Uncle Sam did not like it at all, but tried to take a short cut by the almighty word of the Emperor. There arise a great and flourishing empire all the British possessions did not arise in any remarkable way to compare with Hong Kong or Shanghai trade.

No news of importance from home and the Russo-Japanese war is the story of Japan. Russia has had a victory of her battleships is reported to be paying for all her sins and the reward of European nations is the most of Far Eastern Powers. Alas! And the setting sun is on the port side. So far it is smooth, but will last. We are supposed to be 15th, dropping a day. It is a dull and will, I fear, be very dull. The hour runs through the roughest against melancholy I think I shall write a paper, known as P.O.P., and do nothing. There is little else to do, except to see if it is possible the passengers may do anything? I think not, as there are so few. Mrs. A. the pert girl and her Jesuit of Spanish birth, Father John, another girl less agreeable and

I may peradventure just look at a crepe or two and some silks. I have a slight weakness for Japanese cotton crepe, as it is ideal wear both for inner and outer garments, summer and winter. (I have had quite a treat to-night in the behaviour of my pen. It suddenly turned into a lovely, helpful character several pages back. I wish it would always act in this way.)

*Monday, May 2nd, 1904.* I don't find my cold much better, though the temperature is 74° to-day. And I have a distinct sore throat, I think from coughing so much. Cheered by a little incident. Jol has begged two small rubber bands from the Purser for my No. o films, so these are nicely done up now. I have had my bath. A very minute Chink got it ready. I have not even seen the stewardess for several days. I wonder if she is seedy? Everyone complains of the heat to-day, but I scarcely feel warm enough. (Someone as I write has played "Ah, Che la Morte." It is Miss Franklin, I think.)

*After tea. About 5.30.* And the fountain-pen has had a prolonged bath to clear its inside. Also I have picked up a "Souvenir of Hawaii" which turns out to be a skilful advertisement of a certain hotel at Waikiki, Honolulu. The Americans are very clever at advertising. But with all these lures carefully spread out before us, I still have no desire to pack up, leave the ship where we are happy and as comfortable as one hopes to be at sea, and "stop over." For one thing it would spin out our journey until June 2nd or so, and we should be travelling for nine weeks—which is a long time—besides the local voyaging we may have before us in China, either up to the north or down to Hong Kong, according to our fate.

The tea was rather filthy this afternoon and tasted



of the boiler and fresh white paint. That is the only complaint I have to make on the *Gaelic*—the tea is bad. The food is good, in fact very good, and they serve it sensibly, letting one choose one's "eats" from the menu, instead of serving the whole meal and dragging each course all round the tables in the style of former years.

I wish my throat was better. It is stiff and sore on the right side, especially when I swallow. Since Los Angeles I have been quite seedy and blame it on the Pullman germs. But Fate is so odd that, failing these germs to upset one, there would have been something else. "There is no medicine against Fate."

Miss Franklin told us at tea that Americans despised W. W. Astor for giving up his U.S. citizenship and being naturalized as a Britisher. I suggested that many of our people became naturalized as Americans, but in the curious one-sided way of her nation she considered that to be entirely different, as they gained real advantages in coming to a new and great country to better themselves. I was too polite to retort that perhaps Mr. Waldorf Astor thought he was going to an older and greater country to better himself at least socially. Anyhow it was his own affair if he preferred England to the U.S.A., and a Monarchy to a Republic, and with his wealth and position he need not grudge to his ex-countrymen the cheap pleasure of affecting to condemn him.

There has been a dreadful discovery, of which no one can foresee all the consequences. The Bonded Seals on my Saratoga trunk are broken, and none of us know what Honolulu will say or do. I should have thought that the American Customs had no right against British subjects travelling on a British ship, and that luggage on board

here was safe from any further inspection unless we attempted to re-import it into the U.S.A. or any of her Colonies. After baggage has been placed in Bond it cannot be opened in America itself under severe penalties. That is reasonable enough, but it surely is a different matter to say that the seals must be kept intact until the said baggage passes (while at sea under another Flag) the last American port. We imagine that the real object of the Seal is to prevent smuggling, and it seems to follow that if the luggage in question is not taken into American territory this object is attained; hence as the young man in Dickens said: "Why row?" In the old days Bonding was all right, as it ended automatically at San Francisco, but now there is Hawaii to be reckoned with. In any case, as the trunk was not in our custody, we can hardly be held responsible for the seals being broken. I wonder, by the way, who broke them, and whether the contents have been tampered with. The key has never left my possession, but it is not an "invincible" lock.

Six p.m. One of the ship's bells is a sharp, business-like instrument, while the other has a gloomy, tolling sound. The sharp bell is always struck first, and then they seem to use the other with its melancholy, muffled tone to complete the strokes. I wonder where in this journey we are at the greatest distance from England? About here, I should think. We are now, according to the Captain, some ten hours behind Greenwich time. Therefore it is 4 a.m. of May 3rd at this minute in London—or near enough. It sounds odd, and in crossing the Pacific there is always a sense of almost more than oddness in losing a day on the one route and gaining a day on the other. Having tried both, I find it less disturbing to miss

a date than to double it. In the one case it is scarcely noticeable, whereas to write 3rd May, 1904 on two consecutive mornings would strike one as another excursion into Wonderland. It would be still more queer not to manipulate the calendar, as in that event pilgrims would land thinking, for example, it was the 3rd of May and find it was the 4th, and on the other side would discover it to be the 2nd. Either way this would have bothered them in "Through the Looking Glass," even the White King and the Red Queen, to say nothing of Alice herself.

If this is three in the morning for London, let us hope they are resting peacefully. Somehow comparing the hours takes one's thoughts back to one's friends quite unexpectedly, and I wondered how they all were, among them some of our public characters, Joseph Chamberlain, for example. I have an idea he may break up suddenly, perhaps a case of "waiting to sail for the Harbour Fair." And so strange are human beings that the thought gives me a heartache, though I cannot say that my admiration for "Joe" as a statesman is as warm as it used to be nine years ago when he fought that triumphant election in 1895, but I love him personally, and it will be a gloomy day for me if I live to hear that he has gone over to the Great Majority. I have lost a good many of what one may call public as against private friends, and the two I mourn most bitterly and unceasingly are Robert Louis Stevenson and Cecil Rhodes. Yet I never met either of them. I also regret A. K. H. B., the Scottish Montaigne, as someone called him, and Augustus J. C. Hare, but less intensely, as they were not such a loss to the world. But one cannot forget for long either Cecil Rhodes or R. L. S. They left us too soon, at forty-eight and forty-four, and they



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both had to face a hard end. Louis Stevenson had looked death in the face for fully fifteen years, and one thinks of the blood-stained handkerchief and the courage with which he worked. He got something out of life before he laid it down, and I think he enjoyed living more than Mr. Rhodes did, and yet regretted dying less. So he was the happier of the two.

The story of Cecil Rhodes from the Raid onwards is almost unrelieved tragedy, ending in that long drawn-out misery of his last weeks darkened by the South African War which his policy would have prevented, had it been honestly followed by Britain. Ten years ago Stevenson was still with us, writing "Weir of Hermiston," and appearing to be getting over his fragility, and not three years ago Cecil Rhodes was hoping and working for the Empire and the idea that lay behind it—never for himself. These two sons could ill be spared by Britain, and yet they were taken, and at the moment it seems as if there is no one to fill their places, especially that of the great Empire Builder. I no longer think that Mr. Chamberlain is really an Empire Builder. He is a Voice in the Wilderness, sometimes saying the right thing, sometimes not. He is not the Deliverer, I am afraid, but one has a considerable personal regard for him, and I hope he will last a long time yet.

The dressing-gong has banged, and I must stop scribbling and think of washing my hands. I wonder how long my cold will go on and what further symptoms will develop. We are certainly fearfully and wonderfully made, and we often get out of order. What a blessing really good health must be! I am reduced to being thankful when I am not positively ill, as I so often am. It is

the result of many years overdoing which wears out one's poor constitution. Never any real rest. I had an attack of second sight on this subject in August, 1902, but there seemed to be one's duty before one. Besides, I did not believe at that date—second sight and all—that we should not get so much as a month's rest before we left England. Yet my painful impression of August, 1902 was exactly correct, to be tautological. From the 8th October, 1902, when we left Smedley's, until we left London on March 29th last, there was never *one clear eight days of rest* for us. From August 1st to the 8th we had a small breathing spell, and again from September 19th to the 26th. I think now it was hardly quite fair to ourselves, because it was really our last chance, and a fortnight at least might have been taken in the summer of 1903 without neglecting our duty.

To-morrow morning we make Honolulu, and are “respectfully requested” to be ready very early for quarantine examination. This quarantine is one of America's little gods, and it is worshipped in season and at other times—as now when we come from a place with a clean bill of health. There were no epidemics in San Francisco, or sickness of any serious kind, yet we are going to be overhauled as if we came from the land of Egypt with Ten Plagues raging.

I have found a P. & O. folder which gives a plan of the s.s. *Gaelic*. She is bigger than I thought, being 4,300 tons burden, 420 feet long, 42 feet broad, with a draught of 29 feet. Time was, even in our lives, when she would have been considered a remarkable achievement! The folder also gives distance, and by this route it is about thirteen thousand miles from London to Shanghai, or a thousand miles

farther than by the Suez route. Roughly speaking, I should think that Yokohama is the farthest point from England, and going on to Shanghai is actually getting nearer Home again.

Now I must go to bed to be ready for "Sanitary" to-morrow. I hope they won't pounce on my cough, which is rather "lungy" at times. "Wade in, Sanitary," Bret Harte sang. I don't want to debase anyone's moral currency, but it is difficult to idealize "Sanitary," especially with the accent on the third syllable, rhyming with "airy."

## SECTION IX

Honolulu—Waikiki Beach—Results of American Occupation—  
Most enjoyable visit—May 3rd-4th, 1904.

*Tuesday, May 3rd, 1904.* We have been ashore in Honolulu! We got in about six o'clock, "Sanitary" saw us about seven and passed us very sweetly and quickly, breakfast was at eight, and the average passenger chased off the ship as if the Devil was after him about 8.30. We were more deliberate and did not start out until nearly ten o'clock. Then we walked to Fort Street and looked round, and then took the tram to the beach. That was wonderful. The folders said a good deal, but never mentioned the perfectly marvellous and heavenly blue and green and white of the Pacific Ocean as it surges into Waikiki Beach. I shall never forget it, nor the Aquarium with the bird-like fishes described by Stevenson in "The Ebb Tide." Their colouring is incredible and most lovely, like rainbows swimming.

After enjoying the Aquarium we returned to the town and I got some post cards, sending off nine, two to Agatha, three to Mrs. Chester, and four to Wilfrid. I kept three for my own collection. On the tram to Waikiki we had quite a nice talk with a Hawaiian matron, and when coming back an English girl—Hawaiian born—told us a lot of interesting things. After post carding, I went on

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and got some snaps of Kamédhaméha the Great, etc. I also got a number down by the beach. Then I went back to meet Jol as arranged at the Union Grill, kept by one George Lycurgus, apparently a Greek. We wondered if that was his real name, or if he had been put up by some wag to adopting it. He looked like a Greek, and was talking some language that might have been modern Athenian. Not a bad Grill! Jol had the regular lunch, and I feasted on macaroni or spaghetti. After lunch I bought a spool for No. 6 and then we came back on board, happy and not very tired. Also quite persuaded that we wanted to go on in the *Gaelic*.

The passengers had been warned to be on board before three o'clock, as that was the hour of departure. But of course she did not sail as advertised. And there was a reason. On the far horizon could be discerned a large ship and a small tug, and we were told that the said tug was coming to pull us out from the wharf. Goodness knows when she would have arrived to perform this service, but the Captain was standing no nonsense and proved equal to the occasion. He serenely had the steamer warped out of the dock by means of a hawser from another wharf. It was exciting to watch, for at one moment it looked as if we should back right on to Honolulu, but we did not. Instead, the manœuvre succeeded, and we stood out to sea, not much behind time.

Well, what of the South Sea Islands? On the whole, I am rather attracted by them and should like to live on one—but not Honolulu, as the Americans have nearly destroyed its original charm, except down by Waikiki Beach. They seem to have torn old Honolulu to pieces in the rage of a boom, and put up immense buildings of

the wrong sort, and now the place looks empty, stagnant and might be bankrupt. There are large shops full of goods, and few customers, and generally it almost has the aspect of a plague-stricken town. Uncle Sam did not let it grow and develop naturally, but tried to take a short cut and create a new Hawaii by the almighty word of the U.S.A. Government. "Let there arise a great and flourishing Colony overnight to whip all the British possessions wherever located!" But it did not arise in any remarkable sense, and does not compare with Hong Kong or Singapore in their old established trade.

There was on shore no news of importance from Europe at the moment, and the Russo-Japanese war is developing slowly in favour of Japan. Russia has had another catastrophe. One of her battleships is reported to be aground. She seems to be paying for all her sins at last, and the most backward of European nations is crumbling before the foremost of Far Eastern Powers.

We are turning north, alas! And the setting sun is shining in our cabin on the port side. So far it is smooth, but no one knows if it will last. We are supposed to "make" Yokohama on the 15th, dropping a day. It is the longest stretch of sea and will, I fear, be very dull. However, "Time and the hour runs through the roughest day." As a precaution against melancholy I think I shall get out my printing out paper, known as P.O.P., and do some copies of my films. There is little else to do, except scribble in this journal. Is it possible the passengers may get up some entertainment? I think not, as there are so few, only these: Mr. and Mrs. A. the pert girl and her very subdued spouse, a Jesuit of Spanish birth, Father Agreda, Miss Franklin, another girl less agreeable and

polished, ourselves, Mr. Wickham of Hong Kong and a Mrs. Wilkes, very quiet—with the Japanese damsel in the background. Mrs. Halliday failed to plant her on us, but persuaded Miss Franklin to take her on. The Jap's name sounds like "Indigo," and I may note that she is being handled with more firmness than we might have shown, so is behaving quite well. Cause and effect!

About my snaps. Altogether, on shore I did pretty well. I took one of the *Gaelic*, a few of the town, and several of the beach, etc., making up the first twelve. The second dozen include Kaméhaméha, and a picture or two of the wharf as we left, also one distant view of Honolulu with a great deal of sea as a foreground—if one may use the expression. I wish I had a Telephoto Lens, and think I must get the Plantiscope. Only these lenses seem always so large and heavy.

Now I am too tired to write any more and must rest until dinner-time. We were up about 6 a.m., which makes a long day, especially as we are not used to early rising. It has been a very happy day, though, and I have enjoyed it more than anything except New Orleans. After all, as I remarked to Jol when we were gazing at those extraordinary fish, one suffers a good deal in travelling, but one does see "a doose of a lot." And the recollections of foreign lands are interesting to dwell on afterwards. Again I may remark that we don't regret our decision to go on in the *Gaelic*, and I think we should probably have felt rather dull in Honolulu to-night with all our acquaintances steaming away to Japan. Now I really must stop, or I shall be half dead.

*Wednesday, May 4th, 1904.* My cold seemed worse this morning, so I stayed in the cabin and Jol swabbed me.

I read Boswell's "Life of Johnson," having inadvertently opened it. Even Dante's attractions of Hell, Purgatory and Heaven pall beside those of Samuel Johnson; and the oftener one reads Boswell the more one appreciates both him and his subject—especially in this thin paper edition of Newnes's, two slim volumes that take no room.

About 5 p.m. Jol swabbed my chest all the morning and has bandaged my throat since tiffin, and I hope to be better in a day or two. I believe I have been talking too much at meals. To-day I have not been up in the saloon at all, which gives one a rest. I like "Coomp'ny" fairly well, but it tires one. It has seemed a long day—and thus one pays the penalty of enjoying oneself in port. And I did enjoy the adventures of yesterday. However, the monotony of ship's life will assert itself again to-morrow, I trust, and the time resume its habit of slipping away.

I duly bought another journal in Alexander Young's Building, Honolulu, for ten cents, so I think there will be room for any drivels I like to record. Dr. Johnson recommended Boswell to keep a journal, and when Boswell said he was afraid of putting too many little incidents in it, the Doctor answered that nothing was too little for such a little creature as man. For "Man" read "Woman," and I am justified on high authority for putting down every small detail. To-day it is the birthday of Mr. Wickham, who is thirty-seven and was therefore born in 1867—though he looks younger. The Captain's birthday is the 10th, and Miss Franklin's was on April 28th, when she was so seasick, sipped champagne and hugged the hot water-bottle.

Mrs. A. and the other girl whom we may call Miss X. have been bathing in a sail tank rigged up on deck for

their benefit. It was a public, but not very popular show, and badly attended. By the way, this intimate kind of steamer travelling is good social discipline, as rather incongruous people have to rub along together somehow. We are very lucky on board, as the Captain is one of the pleasantest and most amusing men we have ever sailed with, and that is high praise because the Commanders of our Merchant Marine are some of the finest citizens going. Captain Finch is not only charming to his passengers, but he keeps up an excellent and unobtrusive discipline, and all goes well. We have an agreeable circle on the whole, with Miss Franklin, Mr. Wickham and the Spanish priest helping to keep order, so to speak, while the only really trying person is the aforesaid Mrs. A. with her wearying banal teasing. But she is not of sufficient importance to "lead" as Americans call it, and is rather less offensive than she was at first. The Captain has snubbed her good-naturedly once or twice, and the general technique is to ignore her sallies, which discourages her. One of the Captain's retorts entertained the hearers, and biffed her. She suddenly screamed at him, apropos of nothing, as usual: "I was born *exactly* nine months after my father and mother were married." And he replied: "Then you had a quick passage." That shut her up.

To record a little passing incident. I ate an alligator pear at lunch with oil and vinegar, as the Chinese steward said that was the correct idea. It is an odd fruit or vegetable, and I think must be an acquired taste. Anyhow it has not been born in me. But it is well to try everything once—otherwise some idiot is sure to come along and play a scene of horrified incredulity, saying: "What, never tasted an alligator pear? And you were

actually offered one, and you wouldn't eat it? My dear madam, alligator pears are the greatest delicacy in the world, eaten with a hint of vinegar, a drop of salad oil, and a pinch of salt. Next time you get the chance of sampling an alligator pear, you had better freeze to it at once," etc., etc. I know that idiot well; he or she is to be found in all climes, showing off on the slightest provocation. But I always disappoint him—or her—by "sampling" everything in the way of a local delicacy. It is good discipline for one's palate to make acquaintance with every edible in the world. If I don't like the said delicacy after sampling it, I say so boldly, because it is a Law of the Human Jungle that you can't dispute people's tastes, though you may at times waltz on their ignorance. Now I don't like raw oysters because they seem to me like large instalments of expectorated mucous. I don't force this rather nauseating view on their admirers, but under no circumstances can I swallow what penny-a-liners used to call "the succulent bivalve" myself, as the result would be too lurid. When an oyster has been sufficiently stewed I can mildly relish it, and that is about my limit. I have noticed by the way that even those who profess intense gusto about raw oysters contrive to souse them in vinegar, and add pepper and salt, sometimes red pepper, before proceeding to gulp them down. If they are so delicious, why destroy their charm with harsh condiments?

I have been reading more of Boswell, and am struck by the interesting subjects they were often talking about. I never could agree with Macaulay's opinion of Boswell, though for many years it influenced people who do not think for themselves. I suppose Macaulay was down on "Bozzy" because he was a Tory. But Johnson himself

was a much more aggressive Tory, and yet Macaulay liked him, and was distinctly unfair to his biographer, although admitting that the great Lexicographer, as our grandfathers liked to call him, owed a good deal of his fame and literary immortality to "one of the smallest men that ever lived." After admitting that Boswell was the "first of biographers," Macaulay put this down to his bad qualities rather than to his good ones, and was fond of talking about "*lues Boswelliana*" and belittling hero-worship—unless the hero was a Whig.

This is the end of this book. What a lot of scribbling I have done in four weeks—no, five, to be accurate. Tomorrow I must start the book I bought in Honolulu, closing the present one at 10 p.m. on the 4th May, 1904.

Here the diary ends. The good ship *Gaelic* duly reached Yokohama, and the subsequent trip, the Inland Sea and other wonders of Japan ended in Shanghai on the due date. But as they have been so often described by others they were not specially recorded by us.

## ENVOI

**M**









P. & O. R.M.S. STRATHMORE

## ENVOI

THUS did people travel in 1855 and as recently as 1904, and now we may turn to the contrast of to-day and compare the glamorous *Strathmore* with the little wooden ship of 540 tons, and the steamer designed not fifty years back, deemed very fine and large at 4,300 tons.

Against these typical craft of their respective dates let us display the majestic proportions of s.s. *Strathmore*, now engaged on the same trade to India and the Far East. A very vivid description of her is given in *Shipping Wonders of the World*, with illustrations which might well make old travellers gasp. Her whole history is too long to repeat here, but some of her leading features may be mentioned; to begin with that she carries 445 first-class and 665 tourist, and a crew of 515. Reckoned among the latter we find the Commander, a staff commander, and six navigating officers, three wireless operators, and twenty-three engineers, including electricians. There are two surgeons, two nursing sisters, a dispenser and hospital attendant to replace the "Old Man's" medicine chest of the Fifties, and the single unassisted doctor of later times.

All this prepares us for further marvels, such as the information that she has eight decks, each elaborately fitted, for the use of her passengers. On "A" deck there is an area 270 feet long by 84 feet wide, set apart for games, even a netted-in tennis-court being added. On the



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*By kind permission of the Owners.*

*Marine Board*

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“B” deck there is ample space for walking, besides various rooms such as the library, the writing-room, dance hall and veranda café. “C” deck, again, has a large bathing-pool, accommodation for sunbathers, a children’s nursery and so on. The vast dining saloons for both classes are on “F” deck; and all over the ship are installed wireless receiving sets and loud-speakers to distribute news and broadcast programmes, besides carrying the music of the ship’s own band wherever it may be wanted.

To older voyagers this sort of thing sounds like fairy-tales, or the Arabian Nights, as it were; yet it somehow suggests that in providing such amazing luxuries and facilities the designers have—rather paradoxically—done away with part of the magic of the ocean. In our less sophisticated day we used to find a different world in almost every way when we embarked, whereas under these modern arrangements there is a considerable resemblance between a first-class hotel and a steamer like the *Strathmore*, while the general effect is rather that an epitome of an up-to-date seaside resort has been taken along with us in the shape of bathing-pools, tennis-courts, concert rooms, dancing halls and cafés.

Formerly when people left the land behind there was a sharp and definite severance of every-day interests, and they had to wait for a port to come into touch with these again. That has all been changed, especially by wireless; and now in mid-ocean anyone can hear the familiar accents of the B.B.C. announcers, the world’s news, and the strains of Henry Hall’s Band, complete with crooner and “Here’s to the next time!” Then again in addition to the isolation the surroundings on board used to be unfamiliar, and cabins did not look like bedrooms, nor

saloons like dining-rooms. This made a complete break in a landsman's impressions and the routine of his ordinary life, whereas now we have all the comforts—and, shall we add, some of the drawbacks?—of existence ashore. In fact, the only important thing we have to make shift without is motoring, as up to the present there are no cars on board any ship, however large, and no deck devoted to them. But lifts, for example, are so commonplace now that passengers step into them as a matter of course to be taken up and down from one deck to another.

To remind us that we were afloat there used to be a fair amount of discipline imposed, and that also made a difference. Before electric light was installed, the swinging oil-lamps in the cabins were carefully removed every night generally at half-past ten o'clock, and the saloon lights were "doused" at eleven as a rule, certainly never later than midnight unless there was some very special reason. We can admit that this restraint was a trifle irksome occasionally, on a fine moonlight night, for instance, but on the whole it worked well enough for the majority of passengers when tourists—globe-trotters, as they were usually called—were not much in evidence, and ordinary travellers were quite willing to conform to regulations. Only a few tiresome exceptions rebelled at times and made nuisances of themselves, and these were not encouraged by public opinion.

Striking a balance between the past and the present, there have been gains, but also losses. I certainly think the former outweigh the latter, yet I am personally glad to have experienced something myself of earlier conditions, and to have had first-hand accounts from my seniors of the day before my own with its dangers and hardships.

This enables one to appreciate the immense progress on the one hand due to machinery and science, and yet to render homage and all honour to the courage of our valiant predecessors, linking with these the names recorded in this book of the *Hamilla Mitchell* and the s.s. *Gaelic*.

Their voyages in this world are over, but perhaps we can picture them as still sailing and steaming across the eternal Seas of Memory!

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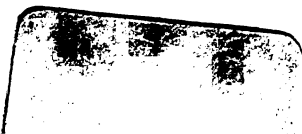




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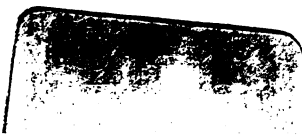




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